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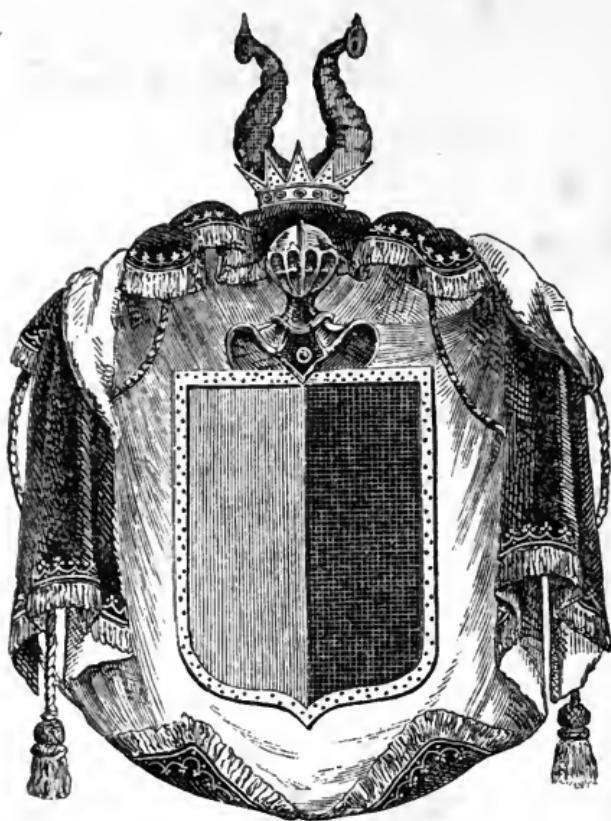
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V. Poulsen
from
the Translator

Recd
Jan'y 27. 1854.

BOHEMIAN POEMS.



Lyra Czechoslovanská.

BOHEMIAN POEMS,

Ancient and Modern,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SLAVONIC,

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY

A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.,

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NÁRODY NEHASNAU,
DOKUD JAZYK ŽÍJE.—HANKA.

LONDON :

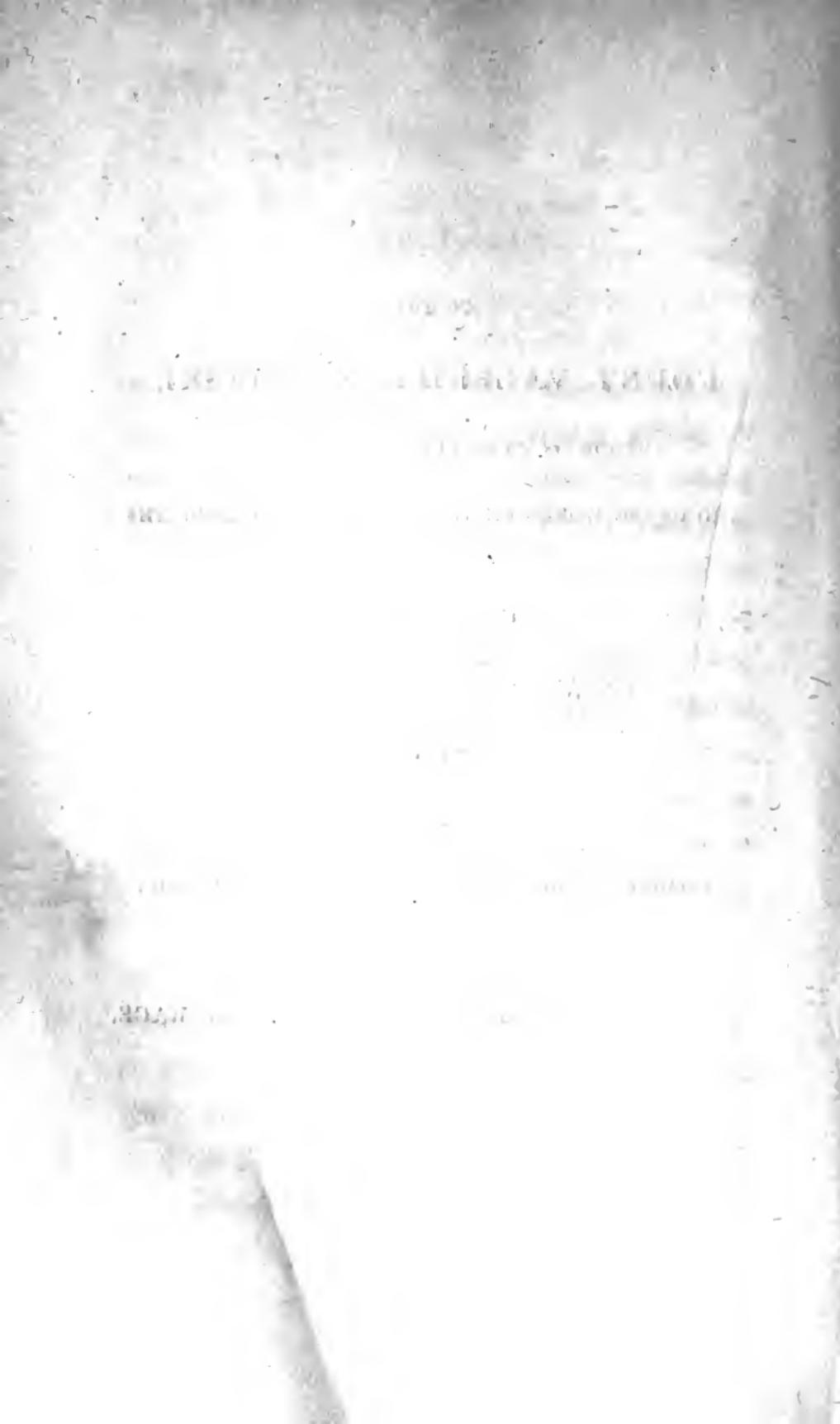
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XLIX.

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TO THE
COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI,
AUTHOR OF PANSLAVISM AND GERMANISM,
AND OTHER WORKS ON THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE
SLAVONIC NATIONS,
THE FOLLOWING
ESSAY AND TRANSLATIONS
ARE DEDICATED
WITH
FEELINGS OF THE UTMOST RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP,
BY
A DESCENDANT OF A KINDRED RACE.



P R E F A C E.

IN the present Volume I lay before the English public a selection from an almost entirely unknown literature, a literature of the existence of which it was scarcely aware. Connected with the Bohemian Slavonians in no distant degree by blood and name, and a member of their oldest, once their royal family, though myself a native of England, I have thought it a sacred duty to make myself personally acquainted with their language, their feelings and their strivings, and as far as my isolated efforts can avail, to make them known in the country of my birth and education.

All the translations, except one, have been faithfully and carefully made from the Slavonic, and on some occasions even correctness of rhyme has been sacrificed, in order more faithfully to represent both the letter and spirit of the original poems. The poem 'Wratislaw' is

taken from an *Annual* published in German at Prague, and although the writer, under whose name it appeared, Carl Rain, professes to have translated it from the old Bohemian, I was never able to hear of any ancient Slavonic original. I translated it in the year 1845, and have now reprinted it as, at any rate, a very beautiful Bohemian production, and an extremely skilful imitation of the Ancient Ballads of the nation.

Several of the poems in the Queen's-Court Manuscript, which appear in the present volume, and also some modern pieces, have already been translated by Dr Bowring. With respect to the latter I do not come into competition with him in any single case; with respect to the former very wide discrepancies will be found upon a comparison of our translations. I would request the reader not to pass judgment against me without comparing either the original or the excellent German translation of Wenzel Swoboda, which is appended to every edition of the original manuscript.

I cannot in conscience conclude without expressing my thanks for many kindnesses to my friends in Bohemia and Moravia, especially to the members of the Citizens-resource in Prague, to Mr Hanka, Librarian of the National Museum, to Dr Tieftrunk and to his two nephews Vaclaw and Karel, my teachers, through whose well-directed assistance—although our only medium of communication was German, the language of all others least adapted to assist in the study of Slavonic—I was enabled to attain a considerable proficiency in Bohemian, and make the translations I now lay before the public, in the short period of a Cambridge Long Vacation. There is abundance in the Bohemian literature which is well worthy of attention, but the duties and avocations of my position prevent me for the present from increasing my selection from it; and indeed my translations may more fitly be called a selection from my own reading, than from the productions of the Bohemian Muse.

I have added at the end of the volume a

few original pieces of my own, partly to give it a more portly appearance, than the reasons above explained allow me to do from Slavonic sources, partly from what I hope will not be construed into any thing worse than a harmless and pardonable vanity.

A. H. WRATISLAW.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
November, 1849.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

NATIONS do not perish, Long as their language lives. Such is the import of the words which I have chosen to be the motto of the present work, nor do I think I could have selected any thing more appropriate to indicate the nature of the reappearance of the Bohemian people among the nations of the world, and the means by which so unexpected, and to many so startling, a phenomenon has been produced. For a long time the possibility of crushing and annihilating the nationality and being of a people has been the current belief of the psychologist, and when he was in want of an example to prove his point, the finger of scorn was always directed towards Bohemia; Bohemia, as such, had utterly perished from the face of the earth, and was now a mere geographical subdivision of Germany or Austria. And yet the few last years have developed in Bohemia an individuality and nationality beyond comparison in history—beyond comparison, because along with, or rather causative of, the political striv-

ings of the people, a literature has also sprung into existence, bearing unmistakeable marks of originality, and bidding fair to assume no inconsiderable position, and to exert no inconsiderable influence in Europe. It seems, in short, that this long sleep of the Bohemian people was ordained by God's Providence, in order that all Slavonic* nations might awake to self-consciousness and arise together, to assume that position in the world, of which their natural capacity and activity is undoubtedly capable, and towards which I believe them to be as undoubtedly hastening†.

It is a strange thing, that the European nation, which, of all others not in immediate geographical juxta-position, has in former ages had the greatest connection with Bohemia, and exercised the greatest influence upon her, (I allude particularly to the effect produced by the writings of Wicliffe upon the

* Or rather *Slovanic*. The Slavonian does not call himself *Slavon* but *Slovan*, from *Slovo* a word, as opposed to the *Niemec* or non-speaker, $\beta\alpha\rho\beta\alpha\sigma$.

† To those, who are interested in the subject of general European politics, I cannot too highly recommend a careful perusal of Count Valerian Krasinski's 'Panslavism and Germanism.' Several of his predictions, *e.g.* those respecting the Hungarian movement, have been most strikingly verified. Had the Magyars listened to his counsel, they would not now be in their present prostrate situation.

countrymen of Huss *) should be contented with the superficial knowledge to be gained from German politicians or more lately from Hungarian emissaries, sources equally untrustworthy and unauthentic, witnesses equally interested in concealing, distorting, or perverting the truth. While, however, I shall not shrink from recording my conviction, that the selfish policy of the Germans and Madjars—the former attempting to swallow up a large portion of the Austrian Empire in an imaginary Germany by means of the Frankfort Parliament, the latter endeavouring to raise themselves upon its ruins, and both plotting the subjugation and oppression of their Slavonic neighbours—has prevented and destroyed the fairest prospects ever opened to a great empire consisting of multifarious and in some cases even heterogeneous elements, the fairest prospects of peace and brotherhood, of independent development and mutual assistance;—while I shall not shrink from recording my conviction of this, I shall confine myself to describing

* I do not think that England could at the present time make a more acceptable or useful present to Bohemia, than a reprint of the best of the *old* Bohemian translations of the Bible with the new orthography. Church reform is one of the universal topics of conversation there, and the old Bohemian brethren are shewing strong symptoms of revival.

the circumstances, the aspirations, and the prospects of the Czechs, the Slavonic race inhabiting Bohemia*.

‘Scarcely any country upon the surface of the globe has with so small an extent of territory been the scene of such great, memorable, and important transactions, as Bohemia; scarcely any nation, at least in modern history, has with such limited numbers stood forth so gloriously and mightily, as the Bohemian. There were times, when the princes of Bohemia ruled from the Baltic to the Adriatic; times, when all surrounding nations trembled at the sound of the Bohemian arms, and times, when the Bohemian mind was beaming with the brightness of

* I must here remark, that among the Bohemians, and probably the other Slavonians, it is not easy to become ‘admissus circum præcordia,’ and that the only road to the Czeskish heart is through the Czeskish language. When therefore I find even an ‘own correspondent’ from Prague in the *Times* speaking of ‘the Mädchen chattering most incomprehensible Slavonic at the pump,’ I at once see that his information upon certain points is questionable, and cease to notice more than the mere historical facts contained in his letter. I venture also to assert, for the sake of those interested in the study and comparison of languages, as such, that the different Slavonic dialects, as languages—I do not speak of their literature, which is still in course of development—are far more beautiful and philosophical than the German, or other modern languages at present considered necessary to a complete education.

the noonday sun, while all around was enveloped in the gloom of ignorance or inactivity.'

Such was Bohemia before the fatal battle of the White Mountain in 1620, as described by one of her present faithful children*, and certainly, when we consider the splendid reigns of Premysl Ottokar II. King of Bohemia, and Charles IV. Emperor of Germany, the learning and courage of Huss and his followers, and the dauntless heroism of the unconquered Ziska, who, though blind, was never defeated, we cannot accuse him of overcolouring his picture, or speaking in terms too glowing of the glories of his country's former history. It may also perhaps be not uninteresting to the student of physical science to remark, that the first Herbarium printed in Europe, was a Bohemian production in the Bohemian language, and in spite of the general destruction of Bohemian literature by the Jesuits, is now in existence in the National Museum at Prague, and is adorned with woodcuts of unusual excellence. I now proceed to contrast with the above, a description of what the country and nation became after a short period of Jesuit tyranny, also from the pen of a Bohemian.

* J. K. Tyl.

‘Under the reign of Ferdinand II.,’ says Pelzel, a Roman Catholic writer, ‘the whole of the Bohemian nation was entirely changed and recast. It is scarcely possible to find in history another instance of a whole nation so much changed in a space of about fifteen years. In the year 1620 all Bohemia was, with the exception of some nobles and monks, Protestant; at the death of Ferdinand II. in 1637, it was, at least in appearance, entirely Roman Catholic. The merit of this conversion of a whole country in so short a time was claimed by the Jesuits. When they were once boasting of this achievement at Rome in the presence of the Pope, the celebrated Capuchin monk, Valerianus Magnus, who was present on that occasion, and who had also taken a part in the conversion of Bohemia, said:

“Holy Father, give me soldiers as they were given to the Jesuits, and I will convert the whole world.”

‘The states of Bohemia had, till the battle of the White Mountain, almost more power than the parliament of England. They made laws, concluded alliances with their neighbours, imposed taxes, conferred the rank of nobility upon meritorious individuals, kept their own troops, chose their kings, or at least their consent was asked when a father

wished to leave the crown to his son, as we have seen under the kings George, Vladislaw, and Ferdinand I. They lost all these privileges in the above mentioned space of time, (i.e. the reign of Ferdinand II.)

‘Up to that time the Bohemians were wont to appear on the field of battle as a separate nation by themselves, and have not unfrequently earned glory. They were now thrust in amongst other nations, and their name no more resounded on the field of battle. Formerly it was said : The Bohemians have marched into the field ; the Bohemians have carried the fortifications ; the Bohemians have taken the town ; the Bohemians have advanced against the enemy ; the Bohemians have gained the victory. These glorious expressions were never more uttered by a mouth, or transmitted to posterity by a historian. Up to that time the Bohemians, taken as a nation, were brave, dauntless, passionately fond of glory, enterprising ; but now they lost all courage, all national pride, all spirit of enterprise. They fled into forests like sheep before the Swedes, or suffered themselves to be trampled under foot. Their valour was then lying buried on the battle field of the White Mountain. Individual Bohemians still possess courage, martial spirit and a love of glory, but mingled with foreign nations, they

resemble the waters of the Moldau, which have mingled with those of the Elbe. These two united rivers bear vessels, overflow their banks, inundate the country, carry away rocks and mountains; yet it is always said, the Elbe did it, and nobody ever thinks about the Moldau.

‘The Bohemian language, which was employed in all public transactions, and of which the nobles were proud, fell into contempt. The upper classes adopted German, and the burghers were obliged to learn it too, because the monks preached in the towns in German. The inhabitants of the cities began to be ashamed of their native tongue, which being retained only by the peasants, was called the peasants’ tongue.

‘High as the Bohemians had risen in literature, science and the arts, under the reigns of Maximilian and Rudolph, they now sank equally low in all these respects. I do not know of a single scholar, who after the expulsion of the Protestants distinguished himself by any learning. The university of Prague was in the hands of the Jesuits, or rather in abeyance, because the Pope had given orders to suspend all proceedings in it, and no person could receive an academical degree. Some patriots, clergymen as well as laymen, openly murmured against such a state of things, but without producing any effect whatever,

whilst many others silently deplored the fall of the national literature. The greatest part of the schools of the kingdom were conducted by the Jesuits and other monks, and not much more than bad Latin was taught in them. It cannot be denied that there were amongst the Jesuits many individuals possessed of literary and scientific accomplishments, but their principle being, that the people should not be enlightened, but rather kept in darkness, they imparted to their pupils only the outward shell of knowledge, retaining the kernel for themselves; for their object was to remain in the exclusive possession of learning, and to stand in this respect superior not only to the laity, but even to other monastic communities. In order to keep the people more effectually in a state of ignorance, they went from town to town exacting from the inhabitants under the penalty of everlasting damnation, that they should shew the books in their possession. These books were examined by the Jesuits, who burnt the greater part of them, and since that time a Bohemian work is a rare book amongst us. They also endeavoured by the same means to obliterate throughout all Bohemia every trace of her ancient learning. They therefore related to their pupils, that previously to their arrival in Bohemia ignorance prevailed in the country, and

carefully concealed from the people, not only the learned labours of our ancestors, but even their very names. None of what the learned and patriotic Balbin had collected and compiled about the ancient literature of Bohemia, could be published before the abolition of their order, because they took care not to communicate his manuscript to anybody.

‘The Bohemians changed then even their national dress and gradually adopted their present costume. I must also remark that since that time the history of the Bohemians ends, and that of other nations in Bohemia begins*.’

Yet it was not the will of God to suffer the nation to perish entirely; no sooner was what seemed the deathblow given to the Czeskish language, than a reaction commenced, and the ancestral spirit began to reanimate the long prostrate corpse of the Czeskish

* Pelzel. *Geschichte von Böhmen*, p. 188, sqq. Quoted in *Panslavism and Germanism*, p. 159, sqq. Pelzel’s work was published in the latter part of the last century.

It should also be observed, that at this time the greater portion of the old Bohemian aristocracy became extinct, many individuals suffering death upon the scaffold, and many families being driven into exile. Their places were supplied by Germans, Italians, and other foreigners, utterly unacquainted with and void of sympathy for the people, from the sweat of whose brows they drew their revenues.

nation. No sooner had the Emperor Joseph II.—an Emperor, however, whose memory is still cherished by the people because of the helping hand he lent to relieve them from the feudal privileges of an oppressive and unsympathizing aristocracy, and an equally tyrannizing clergy—by the ordinance of the 30th October, 1785, enjoined, that only such children as had learnt German should be permitted to frequent the Latin schools, and by that of 22nd Aug. 1789, that no children should be apprenticed to any trade, until they had spent two years at a normal school, *i. e.* one where German was taught,—no sooner had this home-thrust been aimed at the mother tongue of the nation, than the voice of the patriot was raised on behalf of the language of his childhood, and the studies of the philologer were directed to the investigation of the language and literature of his ancestors. As time advanced, it became more and more evident, that the civilization of the country could only be accomplished by means of the native language, partly because of an unconscious instinct in the mind of the people, which led them to distrust and reject whatever was forced upon them in the detested foreign garb, partly owing to a psychological fact, which was formerly recognized by as few, as now venture to dispute it, *viz.*, that

the mind of every nation is cast in a mould corresponding to its mother tongue. The defenders of the Bohemian language became more numerous and more earnest, the common people themselves began to waken up and take an interest in the inheritance of their forefathers, which the hand of power was endeavouring to wrest from their possession, and all this in spite of the influence of the aristocracy, in spite of the oppressive tyranny of fashion. And, gradually, members of the noblest families began to sympathize with the tillers of their ground, and to recognise their right, as men, to the education which alone could elevate or civilize them, an education conducted through the medium of their own Slavonic language; nay, some truehearted individuals applied themselves to the cultivation of the language, in which their own first words were lisped, nor have their productions been unworthy of their noble and disinterested enthusiasm*.

It were uninteresting to the English reader to have a list of writers presented to him, with whose works and the effect of whose writings he is utterly unacquainted; I should expect him to exclaim with

* I need here only particularize Count Leo Thun and Baron Villani.

Pedrazzi in Tyl's novel under similar circumstances, 'Enough, enough of these names!' and to wish the place supplied by information of a more practical and tangible nature. I shall therefore only just mention the impulse given to the Bohemian poetical literature by the discovery of the most ancient relics of Bohemian poetry known to be in existence, the *Rukopis Kralodvorský* or Queen's-Court Manuscript*, by the celebrated Vaclaw Hanka, at present Librarian of the National Museum at Prague, and pass on to an account of the wants and desires of the Bohemians, and how far they have succeeded in accomplishing and realizing their wishes.

'We desire,' said they a few years ago †, 'nothing else than what is our holiest possession, our dearest inheritance from our glorious forefathers, a gift—nay, command of heaven itself, and the incontrovertible right of every nation—we desire nothing else than the conservation of our language and its elevation to a position, in which it can exert itself for the earthly happiness of the nation. That is especially schools, particularly schools for that por-

* This discovery was made 16 September, 1817. The MS. is supposed to date between the years 1290, and 1310. Several poems translated from it will be found below.

† Tyl, *Poslední Czech.* Vol. II. p. 29.

tion of the youth, which, with but little elementary knowledge, must adapt itself, like pliant twigs, to the manifold forms of life, and yet is expected at last to grow into a firm and self-dependent tree. Schools without the national language are utter waste of time, and mere places of torture. In them the child contends with the lifeless form, with the mere husk of all practical utility; the kernel he cannot attain to. Thus he squanders four, five, or even more years, and harasses himself with unfruitful blossoms, which merely straggle around the ears, but never strike root into the heart. In what position would our nation now be standing, had it come from schools, where it was addressed in the language, in which the first images would have remained impressed upon the head and heart, and which resounds around it, when it leaves the school—its mother-tongue? Can then our longing be called other than a righteous one, when we wish to gain for this language, through our love and reverence, a position, where, so to speak, an influence is exerted over the whole condition and well-being of the nation?

‘And that this longing of ours is innate within us, is evident from the fact, that nations and languages are united by the firmest bond,—that it is impossible to conceive a language without a nation, or a nation

without a language. The language is the impress of the whole being of a nation ; it is the store-house of its experience, the mirror of its knowledge and wisdom ; it has grown from its marrow, and been watered with its blood ; in it it has deposited its whole history, and its dearest memorials. Does the language begin to be corrupted, the national existence also suffers detriment ; each weakening or crippling of the language is a step of the nation towards degeneracy. With each alteration of the language arises also an alteration of the nation ; and were a nation to disown and fling aside its language, it must first have lost and transformed all its inborn qualities, it must with the new language have become also a new nation. Is it possible that this can ever be the case with our people ?'

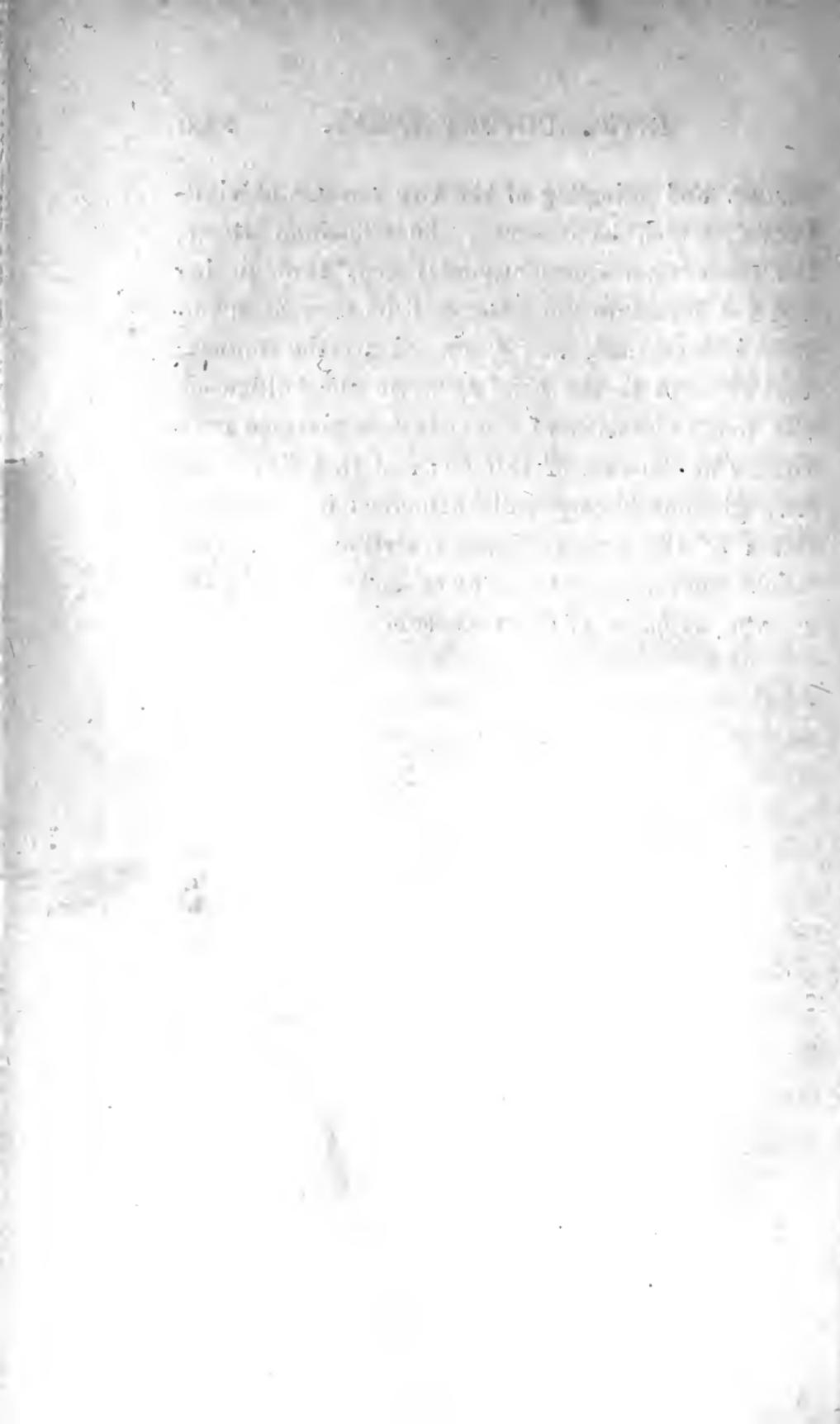
Experience, ranging from the year 1620 to the present day, has answered the question in the negative. It is impossible to annihilate the nationality of the Bohemians ; it must be recognized and dealt with as an element of the country, and as such must enter largely into the considerations of the statesmen, whom the working of God's Providence has called to the difficult task of arranging and reconciling the conflicting interests of the many nations of the Austrian Empire. And indeed, since

the above-quoted sentiments were enunciated by Tyl in Bohemia, a great and important change has taken place. While the German was wasting his strength and blood upon a phantom, the clear-sighted Slavonian was struggling, for his language, his literature, and his civil rights. Nor is he any longer subject to the former oppression; in the school and in the university he is now at liberty to receive his education and to display his proficiency through the medium of his own native language; his cause can now be pleaded, his rights enforced in the law-courts in his own beloved mother-tongue.

That a road is thus opened for the formation of a considerable literature is evident; the Bohemians are well aware of their opportunity, and are exerting themselves to the uttermost, both in the republication of ancient, and the composition of modern works, especially through the society called the *Matice Czeská**. What the end of these things will be, what influence will be exercised upon human, and especially upon European, civilization by the Slavonians, is known for certain to God alone; my own belief is, that Bohemia is the point of

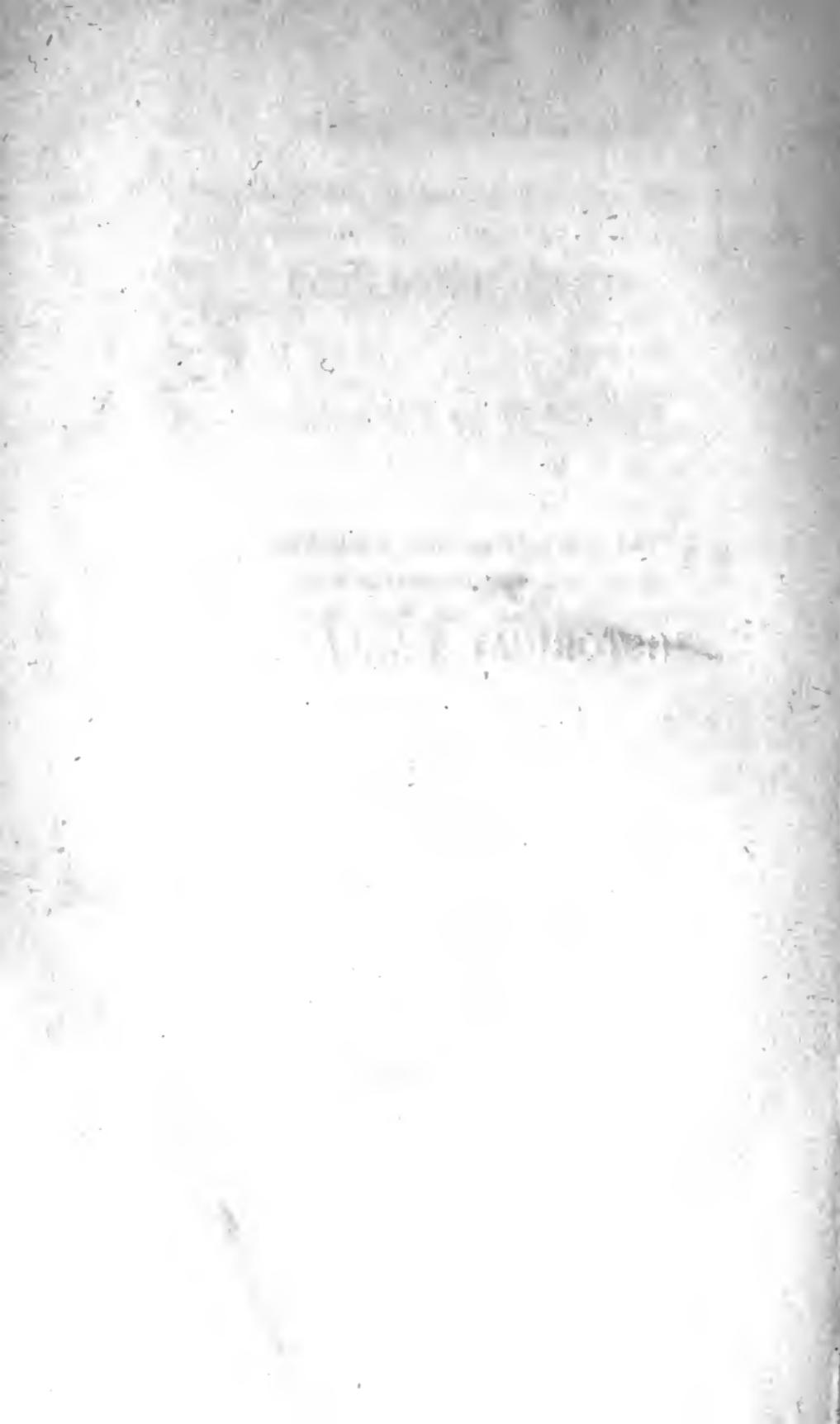
* The 'Bohemian Mother.' In this society the English nation is represented by the Bishop of St David's and myself.

contact and mingling of the two streams of civilization, which have issued, the one from Rome, the other from Constantinople; that through her and her literature the latter will be affected, modified, strengthened, and improved by the former; that she will be the chief agent in the cultivation and moral elevation of the countless Slavonic multitudes in the east of Europe; and that finally her own glorious history will be merged in the splendours of the grand Slavonic civilization, as the bright morning-star fades away and is lost in the glowing radiance of the risen sun.



HISTORICAL BALLADS.

B



BENEŠ HERMANOW.

OVERTHROW OF THE SAXONS.

O TELL me, Sun, thou gentle Sun,
Why thou dost mourning go ?
And wherefore thou dost shine on us,
A people full of woe ?

Where, where's our prince, our army ? He
To Otto's court is gone ;—
Who from the foe our land shall free
Thus orphan and alone ?

In columns long the Germans march,
The Germans Saxons are,
Into our country from the hills,
That wave with woods afar.

‘ Give, give, ye wretches, silver, gold,
And all that ye possess,
Or else ye shall in flames behold
Mansions and cottages ! ’

And they have burn'd our all, have ta'en
Our gold and silver too,
Our cattle they have driv'n away,
And now towards Trosky go.

O do not, peasant, do not mourn !
The grass again will grow,
Although it long has trodden been
By footsteps of the foe.

Twine, twine a wreath of wild flower's
For your deliv'rer's brow !
The green corn glitters fresh again,
And all a change doth know.

Yea quickly all a change did know,
Lo ! how the people all
To council Benes Hermanow
Against the foe doth call !

Now stream the peasants where the wood
'Neath Hrubá Skála grows,
And each is weapon'd with a flail,
That 'gainst the Saxons goes.

'Tis Benes leads the van, the folk
Doth follow wrathful wise,
And Vengeance, vengeance every man
Against the plund'rers cries.

O anger fierce and savage wrath
Did fill both armies then,
And in the inmost breasts did storm
Of the enraged men!

And fury in the foemen's eyes
Against each other glows,
And club 'gainst club on high they raise,
And spears to spears oppose.

On one another rush'd the hosts,
As wood on wood were hurl'd,
And like the lightning of the sky,
So gleam'd the swords they whirl'd.

A fearful cry arising then
The forest beasts doth fright,
And scareth all the winged fowls
To the third ridge's height.

Spread from the rocky hills throughout
The vales upon the breeze
Here strokes of clubs, and here of swords,
Like fall of ancient trees.

Thus motionless both armies stood
Against each other there,
On heels that firm implanté stay,
On legs that steadfast are.

But Benes wends himself on high,
And towards the right doth swing
His sword, the army thither hastes ;
Then towards the other wing

He points, towards the left they rush ;
Thence towards the rocky pass ;
And from the rocks upon the foe
They hurl the stony mass.

Now to the plain the fight descends,
The Germans they must fly,
The Germans they must shriek aloud,
The Germans they must die !

JAROSLAW.

OVERTHROW OF THE TATARS, A.D. 1241.

I'LL tell to you a glorious tale
Of struggles and of war;
Come, listen, and collect yourselves,
The mighty deeds to hear.

Far in the land where Olmütz reigns,
Rises a hill, not high;
'Tis Hostajnow; God's Mother there
Works marvels wondrously.

"Twas quiet in our country long,
Long bloom'd a peaceful age,
When from the east a storm arose,
Amongst the lands to rage.

It was the daughter of the Khan,
The Khan of Tatary,
By Christian hands did for her gold,
Her pearls and jewels, die.

The daughter bright of Kublay Khan,
Fair as the moon was she,
Had heard of countries in the west,
Where many people be;
And she the foreign countries will
And foreign manners see.

Of youths upstarts there half a score,
Of waiting-maidens two,
And first they all the needful things
In packages bestow,
Then thither, where the sun doth haste,
Upon swift steeds they go.

As rosy bright the morning dawn
O'er misty woods doth gleam,
So did the daughter of the Khan
From art and nature beam.

In gold brocade the maiden shone,
Bosom and neck were bare,
And wreaths of jewels and of pearls
Did ornament her hair.

The Germans by her beauty struck,
And envious of her store,
Pursued her, as suspicionless
She journied on before,
Attack'd and slew her in a wood,
And off the booty bore.

When came the news to Kublay Khan
About his daughter dear,
He gather'd hosts in ev'ry land,
And westward march'd with war.

The western kings the tidings heard,
That Kublay doth invade
Their thickly-peopled countries, and
Confed'racies they made.

A mighty host they gather, take
The field right speedily,
On a wide plain encamp'd await
The Khan of Tatary.

Then Kublay his astrologers,
Magicians, wizards, all,
Into the future bids enquire,
What issue shall befall.

Th' astrologers assembled quick,
Magicians, wizards tried,
A circle in two companies
They tread on either side;
And in it a black bar they place,
And do in twain divide.

The one half they have Kublay nam'd,
The other half the kings,

And o'er them the whole magic band
Ancient enchantments sings.

And soon the bars begin to move
In combat mightily,
And that, which they had Kublay nam'd,
Hath won the victory.

The multitudes thereat rejoice,
Each springs with speed to horse,
And quickly all array themselves
Amongst the army's force.

The Christians they no council hold,
And without foresight throng,
And rush upon the heathen ranks
As arrogant as strong.

Then first in battle did they meet,
Like hail the arrows stream'd,
The crash of spears like thunder roll'd,
The swords like lightning gleam'd,
And either host in youthful might
To urge the other seem'd.

The num'rous Christians press'd the foe,
And ended were the war,
Had not th' enchanters come anew,
Bearing the cloven bar.

In flam'd, the Tatars rushing charge
The Christians savagely,
So savagely, that panic-struck,
Like deer, they turn and fly.

There lies a shield upon the ground,
A costly helm struck down ;
Here by the stirrups trailing drags
A horse his rider thrown.

Here one doth bravely all in vain
The Tatars strive to meet,
Another there for heaven's sake
For mercy doth intreat.

The Tatars tax the Christians sore,
And spread on ev'ry side,
Subdue two kingdoms, Kiew old,
And Novgorod the wide.

Soon came the woeful news abroad,
To arms all nations flew,
Four mighty armies did they raise,
The death-fight to renew.

On their right wing the Tatars rush'd,
And hurl'd themselves with might,
As a black cloud, that threats with hail
The fruitful fields to smite,

E'en so was heard the Tatar foe,
Thick swarming for the fight.

With speed do the Hungarians
Collect in companies,
With speed they arm themselves, and go
To meet their enemies.

But all in vain their courage was,
Vain all their manliness,
All, all in vain their efforts brave ;
Upon their centre press

The Tatars, break their ranks, and all
Their num'rous host doth flee ;
The Tatars all things devastate,
That in the land there be.

All hope the Christians doth forsake,
Had been such sorrow never ;
They pray'd to God imploringly,
That he would them deliver.

'Now in thine anger, Lord, arise,
And free us from the foe,
And free us from the murderers,
That would our souls bring low,
And as the wolves around the sheep,
Around us preying go.'

A first, a second fight is lost,
The Tatars make their home
In Poland, all things devastate,
And near and nearerer come.

And now the savage heathen press
To Olmütz ; cries of woe
Arise in ev'ry district ; nought
Is safe before the foe.

The first, the second day is past,
And neither side hath won ;
But ah ! the Tatar multitude
Goes still increasing on,
And waxes, as the ev'ning mist,
That hangs the woods upon.

The Christians, boat-like, to and fro
Amidst the Tatars sway,
And now towards God's Mother's hill
They backwards force their way.

'Up, brethren, up !' doth Wneslaw cry,
While on his silver shield
His sword he strikes, and o'er his head
The banner high doth wield.

All courage take, and all themselves
Upon the Tatars throw,

And in one body, as the flame
From out the earth doth flow,
So from th' outnumb'ring Tatar host
Towards the hill they go.

With backward steps the hill they climb,
And 'neath its woody crown
Extend themselves, while underneath
A sharp peak pointeth down.

And right and left themselves with shields
They cover for the fight,
And on each other's shoulders lay
The spears so sharp and bright.

On shoulder of the front-rank man
The second laid his spear,
And those of the third rank in turn
Upon the second were.

And down upon the Tatar hordes
Rain arrows from the hill;—
Night cometh on, and all the world
Envelopes calm and still.

O'er heav'n above she spreads herself,
And o'er the earth below,
And veils the warriors' flaming eyes,
That 'gainst each other glow.

Now raise the Christians walls on high,
All in the gloom of night,
And trenches dig around the hill
Before the morning light.

When in the east it dawn'd, arose
The whole camp of the foe,
The camp, that stretch'd around the hill
Farther than eye can go.

Upon their horses swift they crowd,
And heads of Christians slain
They bear upon their lances
To the tent of Kublay Khan.

Into a single mass collects
Itself the multitude,
And towards one side their course they bend,
Rushing with onset rude

To storm the hill, loud uttering
An all-terrific cry,
That hills and vales resound again
And echo fearfully.

Upon the walls the Christians stood,
God's Mother courage gave,
And quick their pliant bows they draw,
And fierce their falchions wave;

The Tatars they must back retreat
Before defence so brave.

Then raged in fury at defeat
The Tatar nation wild,
The angry Khan upon them frown'd,
With dark displeasure fill'd.

Into three columns now itself
The heathen host divides,
And in three columns furiously
They storm the mountain's sides.

The Christians fell'd a score of trees,
All twenty as they grew,
And roll'd them from the summit down
Their battlements unto.

And now the Tatars storm the hill,
Shouting with fearful din,
That far and wide ascends, and now
To breach the walls begin.

Down from the walls the trees they hurl,
Like worms the Tatar foe
They crush, and spread destruction wide
Upon the plain below.

And long and savagely 'twas fought,
Until the gloom of night

For both contending armies set
A limit to the fight.

O God! it is a sight of woe!
The glorious Wneslaw falls!
Struck by an arrow down he sinks
Beneath the Christians' walls.

Now anguish tears the heavy heart,
Thirst doth the entrails pain,
With dry and parchéd throats they lick
The dewy grass in vain.

Still eve into cool night doth pass,
Night into morning gray,
And all within the Tatar camp
Tranquil and quiet lay.

The day doth mid-day heat assume,
Through thirst the Christians fall,
And ope their parchèd mouths in pain,
And on God's Mother call.

To her their weaken'd eyes they turn,
And wring in agony
Their hands, from earth to heaven's height
Looking imploringly.

'We cannot longer faint with thirst,
For thirst we cannot fight;

Who loves his health, who loves his life,
Must mercy seek in flight
Among the Tatars.' Thus around
'Twas spoken left and right.

'The sword is not so sharp a death
As thirst; in slavery
Of water we shall have enough;
Who thinks thus after me !'
(Says Weston) 'after me the man,
Who thirsteth painfully !'

But leaping up doth Wratislaw
Like a young bull arise,
And by the arm he seizes him,
And thus to Weston cries :

'Thou traitor! everlasting shame
Of men that Christians be !
And wilt thou to destruction bring
A people good and free ?
Mercy from God 'tis meet to seek,
But not in slavery

'From Tatars wild. Nay ! brethren, nay !
Do not to ruin haste !
Already now the fiercest heat
Of noontide is o'erpast ;
God strengthen'd us at noon, and if
We trust, will aid at last.

‘Out, out upon such words as those !
 And blush for very shame,
 Ye men, that fain would heroes be,
 And bear the hero’s name !

‘Die we upon the hill with thirst,
 ’Tis God our fate doth guide ;
 Surrend’ring to the foemen’s swords,
 Our death is suicide.

‘Our God doth slavery abhor,
 ’Tis sin to slavery
 A voluntary neck to yield ;
 Who thinks thus, after me !
 To where God’s Mother sits enthron’d !
 Ye men that valiant be !’

And after him the many
 To the holy chapel haste ;
 ‘Now in thine anger, Lord, arise !
 Aid us, O Lord, at last !

‘Raise, raise us o’er our enemies
 In all the land around,
 And hear the supplicating cries,
 That in thine ears resound !

‘Encircled and surrounded all
 By savage foes are we ;

O from the cruel Tatar noose
Rescue and set us free !

‘ Grant moisture to our bodies parch’d,
That here are perishing,
And we will give, O Lord, to thee
Loud thanks in offering.

‘ Crush now the foe in all our lands,
And us from them deliver,
Annihilate them utterly
For ever and for ever !’

Lo ! Lo ! upon the sultry heav’n
A cloud ascendeth high !
Loud blow the winds, the thunder rolls
And crashes fearfully.

The sky is thick o’erclouded all ;
Flash ! flash ! the lightning glows
Amongst the Tatar tents ; with rain
Reviv’d the hill-spring flows !

The storm is past, from ev’ry land
There hasten warriors brave,
Towards Olmütz march in order’d ranks,
And high their banners wave.

Their heavy swords beside them hang,
Full quivers rattling sound

Upon their hips, their valiant heads
With helmets bright are crown'd,
And underneath the riders' weight
The swift steeds prance and bound.

The wood-horns hoarsely bray, the roll
Of drums resounds afar,
The hosts upon each other rush,
And close in dreadful war.

A cloud arises from the dust,
And hangs the armies o'er ;
The second fight is fiercer far,
Than was the fight before.

The sharp swords clash, with fearful hiss
The poison'd arrows fly,
Spears crashing meet, and jav'lins whizz,
As they are hurl'd on high ;
They strike, they stab, they shout for joy,
They shriek in agony.

Like torrents swoln by heavy rain,
So flow'd the warrior's blood,
And corpses lay upon the ground,
Like fell'd trees in a wood.

To one both hands are smitten off,
Cleft is another's head,

Another from his steed is flung,
That stumbles o'er the dead.

And here doth one his enemies
Strike down in furious mood,
As on the rocky mountain's side
A tempest rends the wood.

There hilt-deep in a foeman's heart
Another's sword doth pierce,
Here from another's head the ear
A Tatar severs fierce.

A shout! a cry of woe is heard!
Now, now the Christians yield;
The Tatars press them savagely,
And chase them o'er the field.

But like an eagle Jaroslaw
Doth to the rescue fly;
Hard steel is on his mighty breast,
Beneath the steel doth lie

Heroic valour, wisdom dwells
Beneath his helmet bright,
And glows and sparkles in his eyes
The fire of youthful might.

He like an angry lion storms,
That doth fresh blood behold,

Or by an arrow stricken turns
Upon the hunter bold.

So wrathful raging doth he rush
Upon the Tatar foe,
Behind him the Bohemians
Most like a hail-storm go.

On Kublay's son he fiercely charg'd,
It was a furious fight,
With spears did they together meet,
And broke their spears with might.

But Jaroslaw all bath'd in blood,
His steed all bloody too,
Hath smitten, reaching with his sword,
The son of Kublay through.

Down from the shoulder to the hip,
The trenchant blade did go,
And from his steed he lifeless sank
Among the corpses low,
And o'er him rattled, as he fell,
His quiver and his bow.

This all the savage Tatar host
With panic fear did smite,
Away their lances fathom-long
They threw in wild affright,

And all who could fled thither where
The sun doth glorious rise ;
And thus was Hana* freed again
From Tatar enemies.

* Hana is a district in Moravia in the neighbourhood of
Olmütz.

** It should be remarked that Weston, who appears, alas !
to have been an Englishman, was guilty of a similar piece of
treachery at Jerusalem.

WRATISLAW.

O MORAVA ! O our Sister !
 how the Tatar came with war !
Reap'd thy acres rich and golden
 with the crooked scymitar !
How his red rough hand of fury
 swept the sunbeam of delight,
On a day of tears and sorrow,
 rudely from thy visage bright !
Now, forlorn, and desolate, thou
 sitt'st, a widow pale and wan,
Gazing mournfully thy Sister,
 thy Bohemian Sister on.
And on thee in sad compassion
 dwells thy Sister's eye so true,
Dwells on thee in sad compassion—
 Ah ! what meets her anxious view ?
Ah ! it is a woeful sight ; thy
 villages, thy towns, she sees
Black, black coals upon the earth, and
 ashes light upon the breeze.
Ah ! thy castles high and haughty
 all forlorn in ruins lie ;
Where were woods and fairest meadows,
 bloody marshes meet her eye.

There the corpses of thy children,
 of thy slaughter'd children dear,
Of thy sons and daughters moulder ;
 'tis a sight of woe and fear.
But good sons and valiant warriors
 thy true Sister sends to thee,
Sends her best, her noblest hero,
 Jaroslaw, their chief to be.
Soon the Tatar feels their arrows,
 feels their swords so keen and bright,
Feels the weight of homethrust lances
 wielded by strong arms in fight.
Never can the countless hordes, that
 come from desert steppes afar,
Never can they blame the prowess
 of Bohemian chiefs in war.
Back retreating, now they hurry,
 like the wild wave white with foam,
Back retreating, now they hurry
 to the barren wastes of home.
O Morava ! trembling widow !
 O how pride and joy again
Bloom, with comfort sweet returning,
 on the pallid cheek of pain !
Soon each town and wasted village
 from its ashes see'st thou rise,
Soon thy castles from their ruins
 lift their bulwarks to the skies.
Green again thy meadows flourish,
 and thy children, spar'd by Gon

In the troublous times of slaughter,
 all around thy banners crowd.
But, behold! a knightly hero!
 good amongst the best is he;
'Tis the grey-hair'd knight, Sir Berka,
 bow'd in deep, deep misery.
On the battlements in sorrow,
 on the battlements in woe,
Lo! he stands all sadly gazing
 at the far, far woods below,
Whose broad gloomy sides discover
 where the fleeing Tatars go.
At the old man's side Ludmilla
 sit's in bitt'rest grief forlorn,
Fair Ludmilla, spouse belovéd
 of his Jan, his eldest born;
And the eyes of that pale lady,
 like the old man's looks of woe,
On the far, far woods are gazing,
 where the Tatar's wild hordes go,
Where they drag her own belovèd,
 Jan, her spouse, her hero brave,
On their flight to distant regions,
 as a captive and a slave.
To his other side is clinging
 Wratislaw, his youngest son,
On whose locks so bright and golden
 Spring her flow'rs twelve times hath strewn;
In whose bright blue eyes the summer
 sun twelve times hath mirror'd been;

Whose fair figure, frail and slender ;
winds might bear it off, I ween ;
From his age a third would 'minish,
if by earthly eyes 'twere seen.
And their sorrows' mournful silence
soon the grief-bow'd lady brake ;
'Ah ! my hero ! Jan, my dearest !'
such the woeful words she spake ;
'Woe to thy poor wife, sad lady !
who hath lost her sons with thee !
'To the land of thy forefathers,
whose bright star hath set with thee !
'O how fearful now the wishes
and the prayers of our distress !
'O how fearful are the entreaties
we to heav'n must now address !
'Ah ! to find our only comfort
in the thought thou may'st be dead !
'Heart and soul to think thee living
shudder with a shudd'ring dread ;
'Living in the cruel slav'ry
of barbarians far away :
'Freemen only live ; slaves perish
by a thousand deaths a day.'
'Yes,' Sir Berka answers sadly—
look and tone are sad indeed—
'Yes, a mighty God the ruin
of our House hath now decreed,
'Of our House, which aye devoutly
honour'd Him in word and deed.

' He from me the last, the hero,
 Jan, the only son hath ta'en,
 ' Who for times to come his glorious
 race and name should plant again.
 ' Of the family thus sinking
 all that now remains beneath
 ' Is a woman without offspring,
 and an old man due to death.'
 In his blue eyes pearly moisture,
 listens Wratislaw the child
 To hard words, that tender souls must !
 evil ever deem and wild ;
 And the old man's rough palm pressing
 with his tender hand, saith he,
 (Sounding on the morning breeze it
 seem'd an angel's voice to be,)
 ' Lofty hero ! honour'd father !
 why dost thou with heaven chide,
 ' That thy stem is broken ? Is not
 Wratislaw still at thy side ?
 ' Offspring last of lofty goodness,
 his the sacred duty now,
 ' To far distant days the glory
 of his noble race to show :
 ' And his name doth almost promise
 with prophetic voice divine,
 ' That renown, through him returning
 to his ancient house, will shine *.'

* Wratislaw: from wrátići-se, to return, and sláwa, glory.

Overpow'ring, mighty sorrow
for the son he dead believ'd,
Makes the old man wrong the living,
by his woeful grief deceiv'd.
To the lady, to Ludmilla,
he with almost scornful tone
Saith, 'His ancestors' proud spirit
sways th' untimely wither'd one ;
'But the weakling's feeble body
to the words of courage high
'Never, never can give import,
speak he e'er so valiantly.'
See the boy's pale visage kindling,
with the blush of anger dyed !
See, how from his blue eye flashing
beams the hero glance of pride !
And he speaks, 'My lord and father,
lieth not man's strength alway
'Only in the God of heaven,
faith in whom is all our stay ?
'Cannot heaven high and lordly,
cannot heaven shew in sight
'In the weakest of the creatures
all its pow'r and all its might ?'
From the battlements thus speaking
quickly sped the boy, I ween ;
In the castle of his father
was he never after seen.
Fruitless search ! successless seeking !
traceless went the boy away ;

Traceless did he vanish ; no one
 aught about his flight could say.
Ah ! how now Sir Berka mourneth !
 how he mourning sees his woe,
Woe which late he thought o'erflowing,
 through a single fault to grow !
Scarcely can he now tell whether
 of the twain he lov'd the most ;
Only losses, bitter losses,
 teach the value of the lost.
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter,
 hope and joy in turn that bring,
To the poor old man drag sadly ;
 sadness is their welcoming.
Spring's gay flowers, Summer's breezes,
 Autumn's grapes, and Winter's snow,
To his eyes are lost ; the seasons
 heedless come and heedless go ;
Lost to him, whose eyes the image
 of his lost sons only shew.
Songs of birds and lays of reapers,
 winter-dance and skating gay,
In the old man's ears resound not,
 ears that listen day by day
To one only sound, the throbbing
 of a heart that's rent in tway.
And the Spring again returneth ;
 mountains glitter, green corn grows ;
But in gloomy hall Sir Berka
 sits and broods upon his woes,

With the lady, pale Ludmilla,
 all forlorn and comfortless ;
Grave-like silence, deathlike stillness,
 fills the chamber of distress.

Hark ! the oaken door is creaking !
 lo ! it opens in their sight !
On the threshold stands a stranger ;
 sure he is a noble knight ;
Stands awhile with arms extended,
 ere he can the inmates meet ;
Flings him down then at the old man's,
 flings him at the lady's feet.

Is it not the heir ? O heaven !
 Is it not the dead believ'd ?
It is Jan ; it is the lost one,
 home again with joy receiv'd !
Can we tell the old man's feelings ?
 or the happy thoughts that swell
The true hearts of wife and husband ?
 or the speaking joys that dwell
In the sacred glance of welcome ?
 he who can, the tale may tell.

Then a long, long silence over,
 and a happy fond embrace,
Jan his father to the window,
 and his true wife leads apace ;
Points beneath into the courtyard
 of the castle, shews him where
Holds a squire two Tatar coursers ;
 one doth now no rider bear ;

But a load the other beareth ;
 'tis an all unwonted load ;
 He a tiny coffin beareth
 o'er his long and weary road.

'See ! my wife ; behold ! my father ;
 both thy sons return again ;

'As a poor man home returning,
 as a sinful man comes Jan ;

'Wratislaw comes like an angel,
 slumb'ring free from cares and tears

'In the little, narrow dwelling,
 that the noble courser bears.'

Silent terror questions mutely ;
 wonderment and deep surprize

At events so strange and fearful
 look from each mute hearer's eyes.

And while servants true the coffin
 quick within the hall convey,

Tells Sir Jan the wondrous story
 to his wife and father grey.

'By the wild foe taken captive,
 to his wild home journied I,

'Dragging cruel, cruel fetters ;
 fetters of my slavery.

'To the Khan of Kasan fell I.
 Earthly man can never know

'Greater happiness than freedom,
 or than slav'ry greater woe.

'Let me silent pass the sorrow,
 and the pain and bitter grief,

‘When long days, weeks, months succeeding
came and went without relief.

‘Long the time and slow its passage,
while in all unworthy toil

‘I, a fetter’d slave, was serving
as a tiller of the soil.

‘But one day the Khan of Kasan ;
’twas a thing of strange surprize ;

‘Summon’d me before his presence ;
dare I, dare I trust mine eyes ?

‘Wratislaw, my youngest brother,
at his side I do descry,

‘Pale and sadly travel-wasted,
e’en as one whose death is nigh.

‘Ere surprize’s cry hath left me,
with a scornful smile doth speak

‘Kasan’s Khan—“ My slave, look hither !
see this wasted child and weak !

‘He, his little limbs scarce dragging ;
feeble are his limbs and frame ;

‘He, his breath to draw scarce able,
doth himself thy brother name.

‘Come he is to seek thy freedom,
come he is with purpose brave,

‘Come for thee himself to offer,
as a captive and a slave.

‘Say if the exchange doth please thee ?
wilt the proffer’d freedom have ?”

‘I will own it ; I was speechless,
still by wonderment oppress ;

' But the child all proudly rising ;
 —rays as from an angel blest
 ' From his visage pale were beaming ;
 —thus the mighty Khan addrest :
 " Mighty lord, thy gaze directing
 to my little, tender frame,
 ' Soon to be death's early victim,
 think, O ! think, how here I came ;
 ' How my little feet have borne me
 countless risks and terrors through,
 ' From Morava's distant region
 thy imperial throne unto.
 ' Could a little, feeble body,
 such as mine, the task fulfil ?
 ' But He gave me—He who guides me—
 gave me pow'r to do His will.
 ' Worms at His almighty bidding
 elephants o'ermaster can,
 ' Midges can the lion vanquish—
 therefore listen, Kasan's Khan !
 ' God hath bid me fetch my brother
 from his slavery with thee, . . .
 ' God hath bid me, as his ransom,
 leave myself thy slave to be ;
 ' For a noble race is threat'ning
 soon to fail and perish all,
 ' Soon into the grave-like darkness
 of forgetfulness to fall ;
 ' Therefore grant my brother's freedom,
 that he may to future days

‘ His most noble race continue
 for renown and splendid praise.

‘ Hear the words, O Khan of Kasan,
 which my God and Lord and Guide

‘ Through my mouth to thee hath spoken,
 through my mouth hath prophesied :

‘ Seven sons, all valiant heroes,
 bloom, O Kasan’s Khan, to thee ;

‘ All the seven wan and faded
 sev’n short months will surely see ;

‘ All will fade in short months seven,
 sett’st thou not my brother free.”

‘ Speaking thus, down sinks he dying ;
 golden beams that daze the eye

‘ Round the little body hover,
 where it motionless doth lie,

‘ As credentials of the mission,
 that was sent him from on high.

‘ Seven days of fear and anguish,
 seven long days did the Khan

‘ Keep me in suspense ; then to his
 presence call’d, and thus began :

‘ “ See the dead corpse of thy brother,
 whence corruption and decay

‘ My Arabian physician
 by his art hath chas’d away !

‘ Thus ’tis meet for noble heroes ;
 for in all my days, I ween,

‘ Than this little child a greater
 never, never have I seen.

Here is gold for thy long journey ;
in the court two horses chafe ;
'One for thee, one for the body ;
homeward now ; thy path is safe.'''

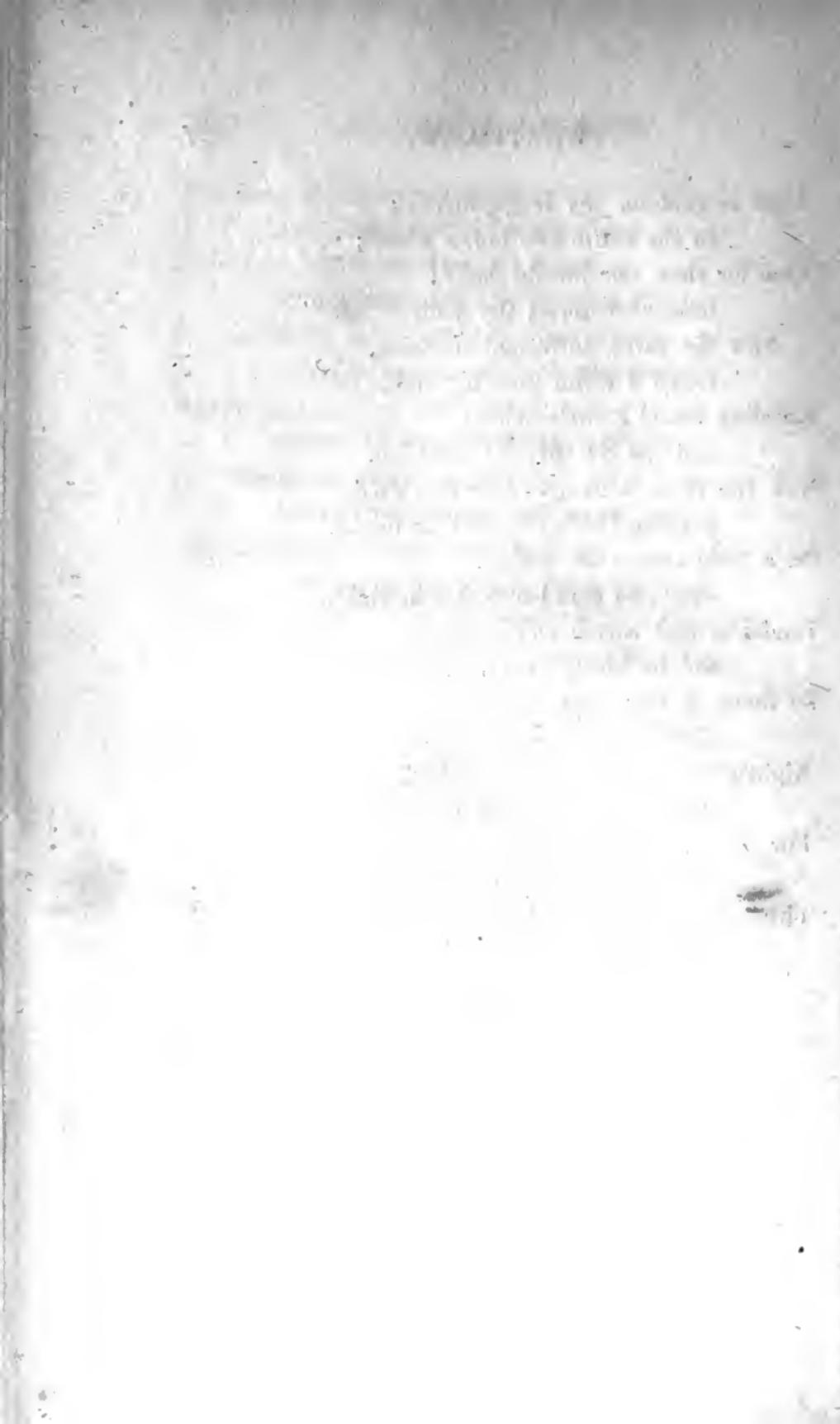
Now the three, in distant mansion,
round a coffin kneeling sigh,
Kneeling round a little coffin ;
and the lid they lift on high.

Now the three with eyes tear-moisten'd,
praising God's all-gracious might,
On a little corpse are gazing,
which to slumber seems in sight.

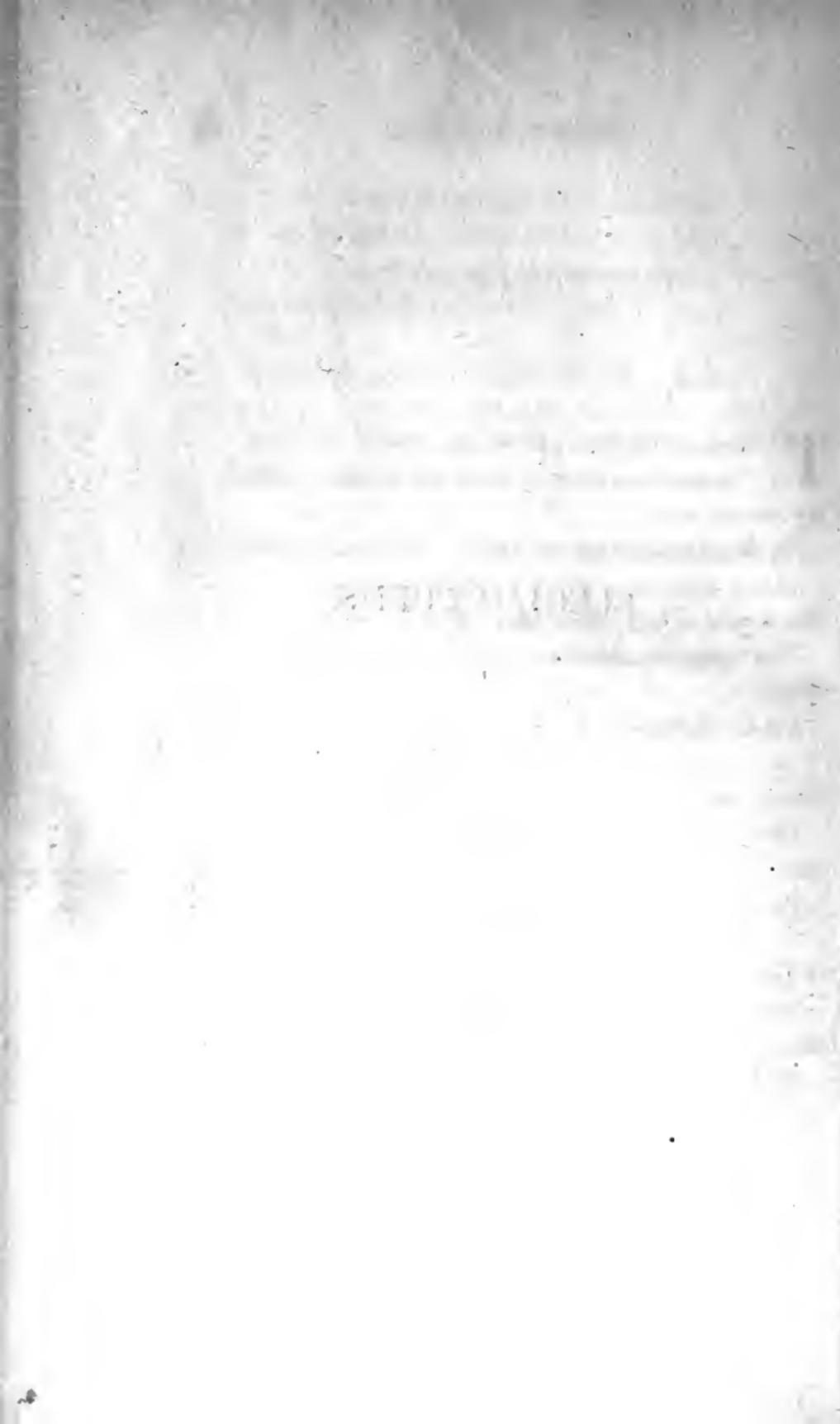
Tender is that corpse and lovely ;
and its lovely angel gaze
To them, as they look upon it,
silently, but plainly, says :

'Rightly was I nam'd, and rightly
Wratislaw hath been my name ;

'For in times of desolation,
when my House to ruin came,
'Through my deed and God's assistance
glory back return'd and fame.'



ELEGIAC POEMS.



THE THREE AGES.

THREE was a time, when in each nation's ear
The name of Czechs right gloriously sounded ;
By heroes borne, by dukes unknown to fear,
Its fame and 'praise all Europe thro' redounded.

There was a time Bohemians proudly bore
The splendid, glorious, mighty Czeskish name ;
When ev'ry muse and science to adore
To all Bohemia's sons was pride and fame.

There was a time, when from a throne on high
The 'sweet Bohemian tongue'* was heard to sound ;
Entrancing music, heav'ly harmony,
In princely palaces it spread around.

O then the Czech was proud a Czech to be !
Proud to maintain the honour of his race !
Bloom'd in the Lion's land prosperity †,
Such as but patriot nations e'er can grace !

* The expression of the Emperor Charles IV.

† The Lion with two tails is the emblem of Bohemia.

That time passed by ; an age of ill came on,
An age Bohemia's people doom'd to quell ;
Its moral forces faintness seiz'd upon,
Itself in intellectual bondage fell.

The Czech his mother-country ceased to love,
He ceased himself to treasure as before ;
No more his sires' remember'd exploits move,
Their glories to deserve he strives no more.

The Czech denied his country blood and tongue ;
All that his fathers priz'd from home was thrown ;
Speech, customs, loses foreigners among,
And doth the brethren of his blood disown.

Then sank Bohemia's sun in cheerlessness,
Her Genius 'gan weep with drooping head,
Fled from the land the nation's happiness,
And all the fam'd Bohemian Muses fled.

O then what pangs the patriot's bosom rend,
Thus past the golden ages of his home !
O then how mourn'd the people's reäl friend,
The nation sinking in so foul a tomb !

But lo ! God's Angel calls, 'Arise again !'
'Up from your graves,' his trumpet sounds 'arise !'
Spires of the patriot's temple, gleam again !
'Nation, thy resurrection solemnize !'

Thus speaks the patriot Angel gloriously,
 And lo ! what thousands from their graves upstart !
 Each joying that his life again is free,
 All utt'ring thanks to God with grateful heart !

Th' ancestral spirit in its wondrous might
 Inspireth all the corners of the land ;
 The words 'He is arisen' glad recite
 The priests who in their country's temple stand.

Then rise up all ! ye sleepers till to-day !
 The day-star is aris'n—the dawn doth glow !—
 The nightingales are singing—why delay ?—
 Shame on the man who is the laggard now !

O brethren, for your nation live again !
 Be lifeless members of its corpse no more !
 It and your mother-land confess again !
 Be faithful sons and brethren as of yore !

Your language, customs, rights, ye Czechs, revere !
 And prove indeed ye are Bohemians born !
 So shall th' ancestral glories re-appear,
 Your own lov'd land in splendour to adorn !

* * * *Cz* in *Czech* (which is the Polish, not the Bohemian orthography, it being impossible for want of types to employ the marked letters, as the Bohemians do) should be pronounced like our *ch* in *church*. The *ch* at the end of the word is the only guttural sound in the Bohemian language.

the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society* (1905, p. 221) and the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, Series B* (1905, p. 221) and the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, Series B* (1905, p. 221).

DELIVERANCE OF EUROPE.

WHITHER, my country's guardian Angel, now ?
Whither, O holy Genius, draw'st thou me ?
I gaze upon a wide abyss below—
Is it Bohemia's children's grave I see ?

' 'Tis of her glorious sons the cemetery,
And there thine elder brethren buried stay ;
There quiet on their mother's breast they lie,
After the mighty labours of their day.

' There from three mountains tears of sorrow flow,
Their woeful course throughout thou may'st behold,
And through the sacred land those rivers go,
Like Lethe, Styx and Acheron of old.

' Where'er thou gazest, holy bones are there,
To which posterity is deep in debt ;
Each hill thou see'st is Virtue's sepulchre,
Each castle as a glorious record set.

' Here doth its glorious garlands in the shade
This valiant nation to concealment give,
Upon its mother's bosom quiet laid,
Like bees abiding in their monarch's hive :

‘Bees, that their weapons knew with courage brave
 Right well to use in many a conflict rude;
 Bees, that their honey oft to others gave,
 Yet earn’d but insult and ingratitude.

‘Amongst her neighbours it Bohemia was,
 That lighted erst the torch of wisdom free;
 The valour of Bohemia’s sons it was,
 Won for the whole of Europe liberty.

‘Send thither now the glances of thine eye,
 Where Olmütz dwells in ancient hoariness,
 There, there, thou dost behold the “mount not high*,”
 Which wonders to the regions publishes.

‘Six centuries are now already gone
 Into the ocean of eternity,
 Since there that ever-glorious deed was done,
 Wrought by Bohemia’s valiant chivalry.

‘Lift, lift thy head, thou glorious Hostajnow !
 The glories of that sacred time proclaim !
 Yourselves to all the world, ye heroes, shew !
 Who there achiev’d the deed of endless fame !

‘Hear, how from out the wondrous mountain’s womb
 A hollow sound right gloriously flows !
 See the dark quires of spirits forwards come,
 Which to the eye the mountain doth disclose !

* See p. 7, line 6.

‘Spirits of slaughter’d foes of old are they,
With threats of ruin once on Europe pour’d;
Beside their chief they stand in sad array,—
’Tis Paidar-Khan with his Tataric horde!

‘See there above, how in the clear blue sky
A noble picture doth its glories shew!
How in the proud victorious dawn on high
A starry host is gazing down below!

‘And midst in that victorious company
A jewel gleameth to his country dear,
The slayer of the Mongol-Khan is he—
’Tis Jaroslaw in glory doth appear!

‘Here is that battle-field for ever fam’d,
Here see’st the tombs of the Tataric bands,
Here were the fetters they for Europe fram’d
For ever shatter’d by Slavonic hands!

‘E’en as the ocean-waves towards the shore,
The wild ones westwards hurl’d themselves apace,
Yet did they strike and break for evermore
Against the rocks of the Bohemian race!

‘Seek’st of that hero deed the monument,
Which half the world the bliss of freedom gave?
Nature herself a glorious monument
Prepar’d for her true sons and warriors brave.

‘ For them no lofty pyramid doth rise,
Inscrib’d with rows of splendid words that flow ;
The Queen’s-Court Manuscript their legend is*,
Their monument the mountain Hostajnow.

‘ Go now, and that, for which thy brethren here
Shed their best blood in battle, learn to love !
Go, learn that sacred mother to revere,
For whom in fight Bohemia’s Lion strove ! ’

* See p. xvii of the Introductory Essay.

LYRICAL POEMS.

E



THE CUCKOO.

UPON the plain an oak-tree stands,
A cuckoo there doth sing,
And still she mourns and still complains,
That 'tis not always Spring.

How in the fields could ripen corn,
If Spring were evermoe?
How apples on the orchard-trees,
Were Summer ne'er to go?

Or how the ears in garners freeze,
Were nought but Autumn known?
How woeful were it for the maid,
If always left alone!

THE FORSAKEN.

ALAS! ye woods, ye gloomy woods !
Ye woods of Miletin !
In summer and in winter too
Why are ye ever green ?

Right glad were I did I not weep,
And my poor heart torment,
But, O good people, tell to me,
Who would not thus lament ?

Where, where's my father, father dear ?
He in the grave is low ;
Where, where's my mother, mother good ?
O'er her the grass doth grow :
Brothers and sisters none remain,
My lover they away have ta'en.

THE LARK.

ALL in a lordly garden ground
Is weeding hemp a maid,
A Lark addresses her and asks,
Why sad, and why afraid?

‘O how can I then joyful be,
Thou pretty little lark?
My lover they have ta’en from me,
And shut in dungeon dark.

O had I, had I but a pen,
A letter I would write,
And thou my messenger shouldst be,
And with it take thy flight.

But I’ve no paper, I’ve no pen,
To write a letter now,
So greet my love with song, and say,
That here I pine with woe.’

* * *

BLUE EYES.

O YE eyes, ye eyes,
Eyes so clear and blue,
All with me is whirling,
If I think on you.

Where's my cheerful humour?
Where's my comfort gone?
It, so soon I saw you,
Vanish'd thereupon.

As an arrow, swiftly
Did it all depart,
Leaving in my bosom
Never-ending smart.

Wheresoe'er I turn me,
Where my footsteps go,
Ev'ry where I see you,
Eyes so clear and blue.

O ye eyes, ye eyes,
Eyes so blue and clear,
Cease not to torment me,
Long as I live here!

THE ROSE.

THE rose it sweetly bloometh,
But whose then shall it be?
Ah ! long long time I watch'd it,
Alas ! unhappy me !

As long as undevelop'd,
And in the bud it grows,
There's no one looks upon it,
Nor marks the coming rose.

O carefully I watch'd it,
Like pearls that precious be ;
O then it was a promise
Of future bliss to me !

But soon as from the green leaves
An issue forth it found,
It was the admiration
Of all the lads around !

FAREWELL.

FARE thee well, forget me not!
Grant me in thy memory place,
Canst thou me no further grace;
More my fate alloweth not.

Fare thee well, forget me not!
Ever dearest of my heart,
From my sad thoughts ne'er to part,
Long as life departeth not!

Faré thee well, forget me not!
Till we here have mourn'd enough,
Till we here have borne enough,
Till thy fate more claimeth not,
Fare thee well, forget me not!

ACCOMPANYING HOME.

AS I my own Ludmilla
Conducted to her home,
Upon the grass we sat us,—
What's that to any one ?

But it was nothing naughty,
That there we two were at,
But only open-hearted
Did we together chat.

I squeeze her little fingers,
With faltering voice declare,
'If but, my dear Ludmilla,
A bit more grown you were !'

She cast her little eyes down,
And at her cheeks so bright,
(So red they glow'd with blushes,)
You might a candle light.

I speak again, 'Dear Maiden,
What is it makes thy woe'?
With that upon me streaming,
Her scalding tears did flow.

‘O weep not, golden maiden !
O what has come to thee ?
For thee has ever, ever,
My heart beat loyally.’

Thereon with fond affection
Her to my heart I press,
And all intoxicated
I swim in happiness.

The calm still moon forth issued,
All wan and pale was she,
And when I kiss’d my darling,
She smil’d our bliss to see.

To meet again to-morrow
We faithful promise made,
But something rustled near us,—
O how we were afraid !

Then I at length arising
Accompanied her home,
And still I gave her kisses—
What’s that to any one ?

*** This song is extremely popular with the “lower orders” in Bohemia, I have therefore employed extremely popular language in the translation.

MARY.

GLORY'S wreath of endlessness
Tempts not to the poet's strife,
'Tis my heart's deep happiness
Wakes itself in song to life.

If these tones win commendation,
If they nought of censure know,
What care I? if approbation
From a single hand doth flow.

Cause of this sweet narrowness,
Thee to sing shall be my bliss;
Be, O gentle Mary mine,
Thou my muse and grace divine!

THE LITTLE BIRD.

MY dearest, dearest mother!
Come tell, O tell to me,
What that, which in my bosom
Unceasing plays can be?

It playeth and it singeth,
Sometimes about it springs;
Sure shut up in my bosom's
A little bird with wings.

Up stairs a cage is ready,
O go and fetch it here,
We'll catch the little birdie,
And close confine him there.

We'll place him in the window,
And he to us shall sing,
Both when we're at our supper,
And when we're breakfasting.

THE GENTLE DOVE.

FROM the oak the dove
Flutters to her love ;
By the pools my lover,
Horses he doth fodder ;
I to him will rove.

Lo ! the gentle dove
Billeth with her love !
Why should it be ill,
That we too should bill,
While we're young, my love ?

CHANGE OF TASTE

'TIS wonderful how changeable
The race of man is found,
How frequently with alt'ring age,
The heart too turneth round !

When little, they with little things
Mostly delighted are,
For which, when they are bigger grown,
They very little care.

In me though it inverted is,
This change of youthful flames,
Tom-pigeons once I us'd to love,
But now I love the dames*.

* Holuby tom-pigeons — holubice, dame-pigeons — holubicky,
little dame-pigeons, also a term of endearment.

THREE DIDACTIC POEMS.

I.

COME the stars and go again,
Rises too and sets the sun ;
Thus throughout the universe
Ever changeless changes run.

World round world is still revolving,
Star round star doth ceaseless go ;
Thus it was from the beginning,
Thus it will be evermoe.

Round the earth the moon revolveth,
Round the sun both take their road ;
Let thy heart move round thy country,
With thy country round thy God !

II.

O MY son, when first thou camest
 Into this world's paradise,
All around thee then was smiling,
 Thou alone hadst weeping eyes.

Be it ever thy endeavour,
 That, when thy last hour is come,
When around thee all is weeping,
 Thou with smiles may'st meet thy doom !

III.

SON belovéd ! if in bondage
 Man the nightingale doth bring,
He to all things can constrain him,
 All, but out of love to sing.

Even so, when man his fellow
 With despotic rule doth sway,
Easily he can compel him
 Humble reverence to pay ;

Timidly to quail before him,
 Kiss the scourge that gives him pain ;—
He to all things can constrain him,
 But his love he cannot gain !

THE MADJAROMANIA.

H UNGARIANS, Hungarians !
Why do ye these wrongs ?
Why strive from our people
To wrench out their tongues ?
This not the wild Tatars
Endeavour'd to do,
Than them to be fiercer
Is't pleasing to you ?

THE DANUBE.

O DANUBE, O Danube !
Great, great is thy pride,
Yet boast not, O boast not,
Thy waters are wide !
The brooks and the rivers,
That into thee flow,
Assist thee so great
And so mighty to grow !

LOVER'S FEELINGS.

FAIN I'd be thy wishes' shadow!
In thy hands a ball I'd be!
Thou can'st give me life or take it,
And thy word is heaven's key.

For commands thy bondman waiting
Nothing but thine eyes doth know,
And thy ev'ry movement scares him—
What would then thine anger do?

MY SONGS.

FRUIT of a Slavonic heart,
Into the wide world depart,
Ye daughters of my soul !
Go, belovèd children, go !
Flowers of feeling bloom for you,
Your fatherland is full !

Seek the grove and seek the home,
Cottage mean, and stately dome,
And meekest preludes play ;
If they look with scorn upon you,
If the gate they fasten on you,
Begin beneath your lay.

Pass no door as on you wend,
Some one sure his ear will lend,
In your own land are ye ;
Age and childhood list your strains,
Youths, when love the bosom pains,
Maids, when the sweet hours be.

Should Bohemian friends demand,
Who into your fatherland
Hath sent you, say, that he,
Who nor pearls nor sceptres prizes,
Who for feeling gold despises,
Must a Bohemian be.

LOVE.

THE breeze lightly waveth
The lily so fair,
Amidst the sweet petals
The bee batheth there ;
He will not, he will not,
Away further flit—
What hold those sweet petals
For food ever fit ?

The youth fond embracing
Enfoldeth his prize,
Eye and soul ever bathing
Themselves in her eyes ;
He will not, he will not,
Depart further on,—
O tell me what honey
Her lips dwells upon ?

O seek but the kisses
Of love in your home ;
In heav'n there's abundance
Of that sweet honeycomb ;
There ever o'erfloweth
The beaker of love,
With drops ever streaming
Towards earth from above.

TO MY COUNTRY.

GLAD to thee I sing, my country,
In my veins thy blood doth bound,
Ever mine thy sorrows deeming,
Of thy fleeted glories dreaming,
Which like spirits hover round.

Oft methinketh, will thy glory,
O my country ! bloom again ?
Or to death condemn'd for ever,
Is it doom'd to blossom never,
Like the grass the scythe has ta'en ?

O I hope for times of splendour,
Times when all a change shall have ;
Hark ! I hear the loud bells ringing,
Ev'rywhere the glad news flinging,
Slawa's glories leave the grave !

After me to thee another,
O my country ! songs shall sing ;
Then shall from the soil of sadness
Roses grow, whence scents of gladness
Forth for the whole world shall spring.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

OF all the flowers that Vesna* waketh,
When glad return in love she maketh,
Forget-me-nots to me are dear,
To kiss and kiss from year to year.

O fondly them the gard'ner dresses,
Clips the wild grass that round them presses,
At morn and eve doth water bring,
And blesses them, as up they spring.

Their blossom is my dearest joy,
My youthful cares did they employ,
My heart's the soil wherein they grow,
Their moisture—streaming tears that flow.

The gard'ner, he is Time gone by,
In which the youth dream'd pleasantly,
The garden-lands of Slawa's race,
All which my feelings warm embrace.

* Vesna, the Slavonic goddess of Spring.

To ev'ry pleasure of my fate
One of these flowers is consecrate,
And all forget-me-nots of mine
Around a *linden** spray I twine.

* The linden was the sacred tree of the Slavonic Mythology, and is now regarded as the symbol of patriotism.

DEPARTED SOULS.

AS dawns the morning twilight gray,
The bell proclaims the festal day
Of faithful spirits fled ;
The churchward path doth Hanna seek,
The tender tear bedews her cheek,
Her own lov'd Jan is dead.

And there where he had stood intent,
With looks of love upon her bent,
She mourns in secret meek ;
Her hands are clasp'd, upcast her eyes,
Glist'ning with tears, towards the skies,
Her mute lips seem to speak.

But when the people hymns of praise
To God for parted spirits raise,
And "Rest in peace" resounds,
Sends Hanna too her voice above,
The Father of eternal love,
She knows, will heal her wounds.

When at the ending festival
Before the sacred altar all
For friends their offerings lay,
Hanna unclasps a heart of gold,
The gift of him, whom slumbers hold,
That pass no more away.

As back she to her cottage wends,
The sun into the height ascends,
Image of life to come ;
And then doth Hanna upward gaze,
Amidst her tears a smile there plays,
She sees the lov'd one's home !

HAPPINESS.

OFT doth man in distant regions
Seek the Eden of his life,
Marks not in the war of feeling,
That a May at hand is rife.
Sailor-like, in seas of longing
He pursues a happy doom,
Ignorant, that for him heaven
In the simple cot may bloom.

After lands abroad and kingdoms
Still he passionately strains,
Fate, with him for ever sporting,
Sometimes flatters, sometimes chains.
He, his aim attain'd believing,
Rests his brow his palm upon,
Still a weary while awaits him,
Ere his paradise be won.

But he hath no strength remaining,
Powerless he to wander more,
Back he to his country wendeth,
Where he had complain'd before ;
And he mourns the staff he lifted,
In the troubled world to go,
For the far-sought bliss he findeth
Near in his own bosom now.

Patriotism Misunderstood.

O MY country, let thy son
Mourn his mother's breast upon !

Wrongful brethren cause my woe ;
Crying, there's no warmth to me
In the inmost heart for thee—

O my country, thou dost know !

If, when night is calm and still,
Secret tears mine eyes o'erfill,

If they on thy bosom flow ;
If my lot I'd cast with thee,
Sharing joy and woe with thee,

O my country, thou dost know !

What the youth in fancy roving,
What the man in transport loving,

Swore and swears again to do,—
Mother, if to thee I'd bring
Life and all in offering—

O my country, thou dost know !

If I from my word depart,
If the gushings of my heart

For another ever flow ;

If, when life is leaving me,
Thou my last last cry wilt be,

O my country, thou dost know.

ARRIVAL OF THE CZECHS.

WHERE Tatar mountains to the skies
 Above all pine-clad hills arise,
 Where Visla's* streams are roll'd ;
 There finds the mountain-region place,
 The cradle of the Czeskish race,
 Thence came the Czechs of old.

They've cross'd three rivers on their road,
 An eagle shew'd the will of God,
 Up to the hills their guide ;
 While he on high doth hovering go
 Leads Czech the people down below,
 Where the green plain is wide.

He westward with the sun doth go,
 When soft Šumawa'st breezes blow,
 To Labe's† streams they come ;
 Amidst the land he stands and calls,
 He kneels, the tear in gladness falls,
 He kisses the new home.

Calls to his brethren " Woodlands clear,
 Make ploughs, and gardens soon appear,

* Visla, the Vistula.

† Šumawa, the mountain range to the west of Bohemia.

† Labe, the Elbe.

Aids Radihost* the while ;
Forth from the ground spring golden ears,
With them a golden age appears,
And Swantowit doth smile."

Therefore with pious zeal that burns
To sacred Rzip his steps he turns,
To praise Perun on high ;
For prosperous times he prays and fair,
For fame—the people gather'd there
Doth "Long live Czechia!" cry.

* Radihost, the Slavonic goddess of trade. Swantowit, the god of war. Rzip, the sacred mountain, where Perun the god of thunder, the supreme deity, was adored.

TEAR OF LOVE.

O 'ER the brook a rose there bloometh,
In the brook its image glows,
Therefore scented pearls there hasten
Downwards from the grateful rose.

One of these the brook attaining
Scents of Eden round it sows,
Every billow bounds for pleasure
At the notice of the rose.

My full heart's of love a fountain,
And thy soul is mirror'd there ;
On this constant heart in kindness
Drop, dear maid, a single tear.

So the stream of life becometh,
As with honey, sweet to me ;
Tears from lovely eyes must ever
Nectar fit for angels be.

SOURCE OF SONGS.

WONDER not I sing, sweet Maiden !
Love my soul doth rive,
Ev'ry glance, thine eye that leaveth,
Me a song doth give.

When the song itself develops
From my inmost heart,
Doth, methinks, an angel whispers
From his hymns impart.

Words thus found me, I Bohemia's
Harp melodious try,
And of love it sweetly soundeth,
Hope and constancy.

There's as many songs as glances,
Thou their source dost know ;
Give me then a thousand glances !
Maiden, say not No !

THE ORPHAN.

THEY who cease as time goes by,
'Father, mother dear,' to cry,
They are needy, they are poor,
Gold and silver though they store;
How much more then poorer he
Who to strangers' doors must flee !

Strangers all, and nowhere home !
From the cheek all joy is gone !
Ee'n the chafers homes have found,
On the green leaves sleeping sound ;
Only I, poor orphan, weep,
On the pavement doom'd to sleep.

Still I do not quite despair,
Heav'nward gazing—God is there !
Ev'ry flower he tendeth mild,
Looketh too on me his child,
He, the lilies clothing fair,
Doth for the poor orphan care.

THE MAY-TREE.

A MAY-TREE fair at Whitsuntide
Was brought me by my lover,
It was the fairest pine he could
In all the grove discover.

E'en as a fish's eye the moon
Doth in my chamber shine,
I see *him* from the window, and
His feelings well divine.

He at the window knock'd, and 'Grant,
O grant one kiss!' he cried,
But like a little mouse beneath
The coverlet I hide.

Right eye above the coverlet
Seems fast asleep to be,
Left eye beneath the coverlet
Laughs at him merrily.

He calls again; not so the stag
Thirsts for the cooling tide,
Not so the bee that longing seeks
For honey far and wide.

But in my chamber 'twas as still,
As though a grave it were,
Only the beating of my heart
Betray'd that I was there.

Long time he knock'd, long time he call'd,
At length the suer went,
His lovely voice though conquer'd me,
And to the window sent.

A little bit I raise it up,
I think that he is fled—
He catches me, he kisses me,
Until my neck is red.

THE EXPRESSION 'NO.'

ERE I won my love's affections,
There to school I needs must go,
Did I ask her or entreat her,
Evermore she answer'd, No.

Once we in a lovely valley
Sate a linden-tree below,
For a little kiss I ask'd her,
But she gave me answer, No.

Near a nightingale is sitting,
Singing soft of love and woe,
I inquire, if love she feeleth,
But she gives me answer, No.

Quick I turn the conversation,
While my veins with fever glow—
Must I then for ever shun thee?
But she softly whisper'd, No.

To my heart I fold, I press her,
Kiss her till the echoes flow,
Then I ask her, if she's angry,
But she softly whispers, No.

Thus I now have learnt sufficient ;
Wishes cannot further go,
Sweet to me is now th' expression,
That was once so bitter, No.

THE MID-DAY WITCH.

ON the oak the sunbeams play'd,
'Neath the oak there stood a maid,
Strawberries she gather'd there
For a feast till mid-day fair.

To her comes a lady white,
With a golden girdle dight,
But her loose dishevell'd hair
All conceals her count'nance fair.

She doth to the maiden say,
Wait, O wait awhile, I pray!
If the hair thou plait'st for me,
Thou shalt sometime blooming be.

Sit the maid and lady white,
With the golden girdle dight,
And the maiden plaits the hair,
Which conceals her count'nance fair.

After, when the maid arose,
Gifts the Vila fair bestows,
Little leaves of hawthorn free,
Large leaves from the old oak-tree.

Fleets the Vila, homeward now
Doth the maid returning go ;
Tossing scornfully her head,
O'er the path the leaves she spread.

Then at home the tale she told,
As her apron she doth fold,
Ah ! but how astonish'd she,
Gold and silver sheen to see !

Then she knows the Vila white
Would the service small requite,
Silver leaves of hawthorn free
Golden from the old oak-tree.

Quiet can she not attain,
Till the leaves she seeks again,
But the leaves alas ! are gone,
And the maiden weeps alone.

CONSOLATION.

IF again thou mourning wepest,
Wounded heart of mine,
That a maiden's soul disowneth
Worth and merits thine,
Thee I'll comfort, as a father
Comforteth his child,
When th' enchanting flow'ret's ravish'd
By the tempest wild.

Chides the father—'Weep no longer,
Other flowers be thine,
For a single flower, my dearest,
Doth the sun not shine.
In the groves and meadows thousands
Find we day by day,
Only wait, dear child, a little
For approaching May.'

But, my heart, in thy recesses
Deep the knowledge lies,
That I scarce thy grief can comfort,
As a child that cries.
Weep then on, true heart and sorrow,
Weep, ye eyes, in woe;
Tears for love—my blood must only
For my country flow!

THE PATRIOT'S LAMENT.

MOUNTAIN, mountain, thou art high!
Hear'st thou not our wailing cry?
See'st thou not the streams that glow
From the eyes of patriots flow?

Wherefore shines the sun on thee,
That thy top doth glitter free,
And thy meadows ev'ry May
To our sorrow blossom gay?

Hear how sounds Vltava's shore*!
Hear the distant thunders roar!
'Tis our lips in whispers low
Cursing thee for evermoe.

Doth the true Czech thee espy,
Terror-struck he draweth nigh,
Anguish dire his bosom fires,
That he sleeps not with his sires.

Cursed mountain, mountain white!
Upon thee was crush'd our might;
What in thee lies cover'd o'er
Ages cannot back restore.

* Vltava, the river Moldau, upon which Prague is situated.

When the glorious times were set,
Men must needs the tombs forget ;
Where their fathers' blood was spilt,
There the lads a church have built.

Storm, why shatter'st thou it not ?
Tempest, why destroy'st it not ?
Nation, why in glorious war
Driv'st thou not thy shame afar ?

But in vain our calls resound,
Still the mountain sleepeth sound,
Firm the church abideth there,
And from tempests nought doth fear.

Mountain, mountain, thou art high !
See'st thou life and vengeance nigh ?
When thy church in ruins lies,
Slawa from her grave shall rise.

HEJ SLOVANÉ !

HEY Slavonians ! our Slavonic language still is
living,

Long as our true loyal heart is for our nation striving.
Lives, lives, the Slavonic spirit, and 'twill live for ever;
Hell and thunder ! vain against us all your rage
shall shiver !

Language is the gift of God, our God who sways the
thunder,

In this world may none our language from us put
asunder.

Though as many devils come, as earth with people
swarmeth,

God is with us, and Perun 'gainst our opponents
stormeth.

Fearful may the tempest o'er us hover, rocks may
crumble,

Oaks may split, and all around may yawning earth-
quakes tremble :

Like a castle's walls we'll stand, a firm and stedfast
nation,—

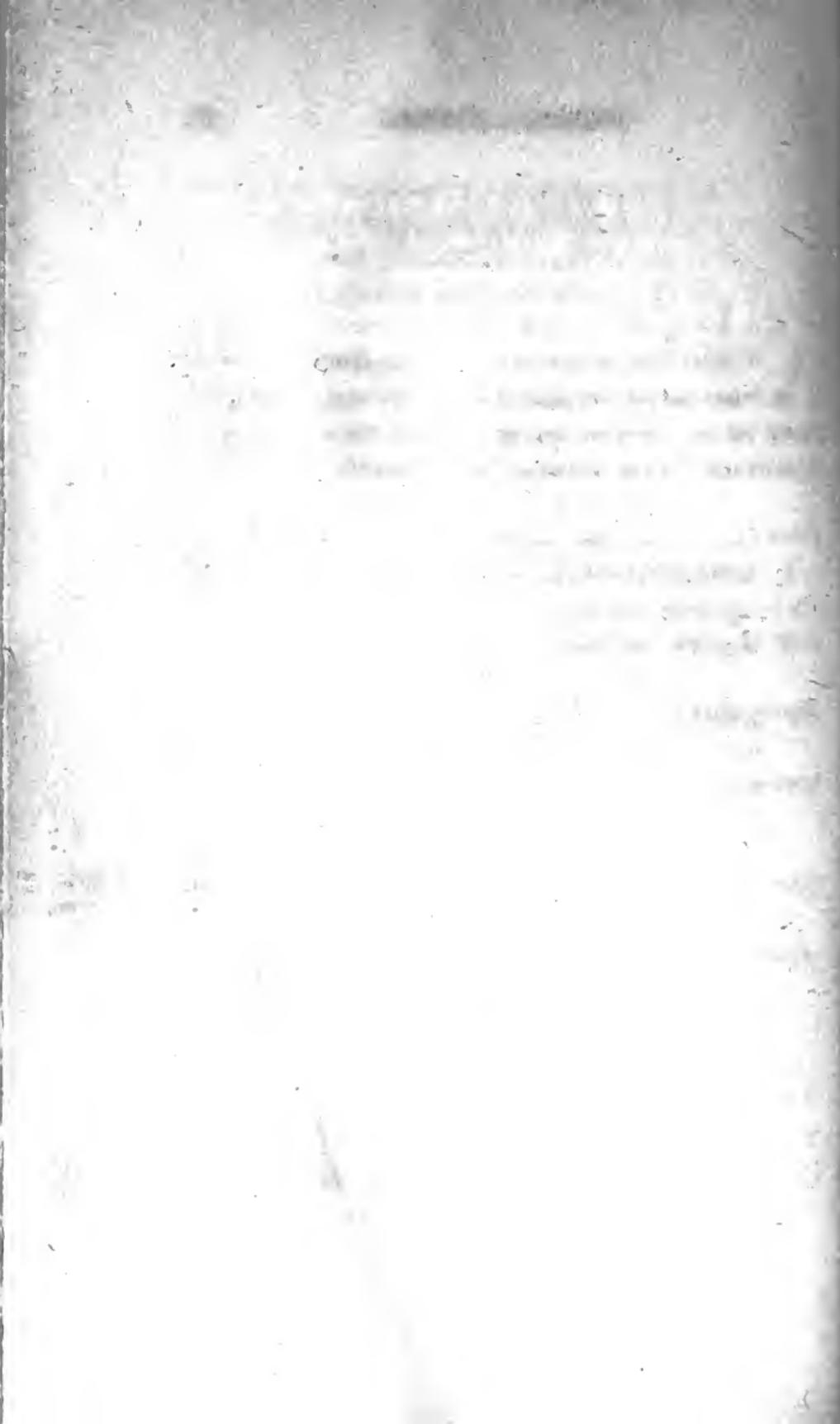
May black earth the scoundrel swallow who deserts
his station !

* * * The above political song appeared to me too striking and
characteristic of the present feelings of the people to be omitted.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

TO W. G. C.

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP.



THE WREATH.

A WREATH of flow'rets for a maiden's brow,
The earliest daughters of the budding spring !
Such would I twine, and place them there to blow,
And gaze upon them and their beauties sing.

First then I seek the willowy bank, and frame
A circlet rich with flowers of golden hue,
Rich too with emblems and a meaning name—
O may the end approve its meaning true !

The palm-branch is the prize of victory—
O that these palms may prove prophetic now !
Life is a contest, and its end must be
Shame, or a deathless crown upon the brow.

Lo ! here and there fresh daisies spangle o'er
The grassy mead, my watchful eye beneath ;
All hail, fair flow'rets ! come, increase the store,
That I am gathering for the maiden's wreath !

Oft doth the scythe upon its ruthless way
Behead the daisy flowers upon the green,
Yet the true-hearted root is constant aye,
New flowers producing where the first have been.

So the true heart repulse doth never heed
In doing deeds of good and charity ;
If the still voice of Conscience bid proceed,
It presseth on and on unfearingly.

Methinks a yellow crowfoot too I see,
On the green earth a glittering mimic star ;
This to a Christian maid may emblem be
Of hopes that fain would dwell in heaven afar.

The stingless nettle too befits her brow,
Reproof with warning looks that harmeth not ;
This will I twine among the rest, to shew
Repulse to aught that may the purest blot.

The violet too, that fain unknown would bloom,
And scatter fragrance round it all unseen—
O happy, from the cradle to the tomb,
Who like the violet in their life have been !

And let the gardens yield their early store,
The modest snowdrop with its downcast eye,
The gladsome crocus, that doth spangle o'er
The borders with its joyous brilliancy.

How precious the few flowers of early spring !
Youth can do little, but we prize it more,
That little, than what later days can bring
Out of their rich and time-o'erflowing store.

Thus, Mary, have I twin'd a wreath for thee,
And on thy locks the birthday garland set,
And kept my promise. Let us also see
Thy sacred promise find fulfilment meet.

Promise was made, when water bath'd thy brow,
Renew'd, when hands were laid upon thy head—
O keep it well, that sacred promise, now!
O keep the words that may not be unsaid!

And lovely too the promise of thy youth,—
O may'st thou keep that promise unto age!—
Full of ideal Beauty and of Truth,
Thou springest forth upon thy pilgrimage.—

O doom'd, as all are doom'd, to learn and know,
That life is other far than life should be,
I dare not wish thee, all exempt from woe,
A golden day and peaceful hours to see.

The cross hath on thy forehead been impress'd,
And thou must bear it stedfast to the end,
Stilling the conflicts of the struggling breast,
Doing and suffering what God shall send.

Thus, though much needing counsel, I advise—
O could I mine own lessons learn aright!
Tott'ring my feet, and dizzy are mine eyes,
And yet to others' steps I hold a light.

The secret springs of being deep within
Who can search out, or who disclose to view?
One only Eye can look the heartstrings in,
One only Mind can read their story true.

Dark are the guesses of our sympathy,—
Who to another can the causes tell
Of all the smiles that o'er the features fly,
Of all the heavings that the bosom swell?

Yet each one well may wish another's good,
And each one for another's welfare pray,
Thrice happy, if no thought of ill intrude,
To mar the kindly wishes on their way.

And now farewell! the wide world is before thee,
With storm and shine an ever-changing scene;
Earth lies beneath thy feet, the heavens are o'er thee,
And these are what thou needs must choose between.

O fare thee well upon thy pilgrimage!
May ev'ry aiding grace to thee come down!
So may the war thou hast on earth to wage,
Win the true amaranth of a heav'nly crown!

A LITTLE BIRTH-DAY ODE.

MY little Sister, list to me,
O list to me awhile, I pray,
And I will tell what thoughts of thee
Have come into my mind to day.

I've seen the seedlings springing gay,
Nor flower nor fruit upon them found,
But if they're sickly or decay,
Useless the culture of the ground.

Suppose the ground is Clara's heart,
Good thoughts and wishes growing there ;
Be diligent and do your part,
For tend'rer plants need greater care.

And never think you're useless all,
Because your times to help are few,
For, though her youthful sphere is small,
Clara has more than she can do.

Good words, your flowers, must now around
Their perfume sweet begin to throw,
And fruit of blessed deeds be found
Among the fig-tree's leaves to grow.

THE NOSEGAY.

FLOW'RETS, fresh flow'rets, for a maiden's grave!
But ah! few flow'rets in the winter bloom;
Spring will return, the leafy branches wave,
But she must moulder in her early tomb.

Few flow'rets bloom 'neath winter's gloomy sky,
But they are pure and white as winter's snow,
Meet emblems for pure souls, whose bodies die,
And leave pure memories on earth below.

Through icebound earth their fragile blossoms strive,
Nor can the frosty north their growth o'ercome,
But still like Hopes they spring, that grow and live,
Water'd by tears, beside the lov'd one's tomb.

Take then these snowdrops, frame a nosegay fair,
That may not shame the hand it should adorn;
The hand and flowers in whiteness may compare,
But sable is the garb of them that mourn.

Darkness divides us oft from those who sleep,
And this we in our vestments would express,
And, like the parted friend for whom we weep,
In darkness we wrap up our tenderness.

Cold sighs the wind, and gloom o'erspreads the sky,
And cold and sad around in heart we mourn,
But, though the snow-clouds gather gloomily,
These promises of Spring are not forlorn :

Nor is our grief forlorn ; the sleeping maid,
Though vanquish'd, is assur'd of victory ;
Still lives, though all its earthly honours fade,
The precious seed of immortality.

O place the nosegay in her fingers cold,
And o'er the few white flow'rets close them fast !
Yet, ere the winding sheet her form enfold,
O grant another look to be our last !

There lies she like a snow-drop, early ta'en,
And with her must these snow-drops too decay,
But ne'er, like her, will they arise again
Beneath a brighter sun's enliv'ning ray.

O peaceful slumber ! soft and sweet repose !
O heavenly calm upon her features spread !
The living circled live with cares and woes,
But Peace and Silence wait upon the dead.

REMEMBRANCE.

THERE is a thought to Mem'ry dear,
That dwells my heart within;
There is no other mem'ry there
So pure and free from sin.

Yet hath it sorrows of its own,
That pure and precious thought,
That oft, when I have mus'd alone,
Tears to mine eyes have brought.

It calls an image of the Past,
A vision fair and bright,
So beautiful it could not last
Before the earthly sight.

I knew a maid in life's first spring,
A sweeter none could know,
Her locks were like the raven's wing,
Her brow was like the snow.

And ever, when she played or sang,
Sweet music filled the place,
She had a merry laugh that rang,
A bright and sunny face.

My pulse was calm, my heart was still,
At clasping of our hands,
Not such the eager wayward thrill,
That earthly love demands.

Perchance a diff'rent feeling sways
The fibres of the heart
Towards those, who from the wistful gaze
Are fated soon to part.

And yet in sooth I lov'd her well,
And she indeed was dear,
Though scarce I knew the mighty spell
That bound my soul to her.

But she is gone, and lowly laid
Under the springing grass—
O ne'er the mem'ry of the maid
Shall from my bosom pass!

But oft I'll think upon her still,
And call her back in thought,
And strive to make her mem'ry fill,
The void her loss has wrought.

παθήματα μαθήματα.

‘WE must suffer ere we learn,’
 Golden truth, but hard to prize,
 When the passions rage and burn,
 When the torrent fills the eyes.

Men have struggled, men have striven,
 On their weary pilgrimage,
 Records of their woes have given,
 To instruct the coming age;

Yet in vain ; experience ever
 Is by time and suff’ring bought ;
 All must purchase that which never
 Cometh to the soul for nought.

Ev’ry man must taste of woe,
 Ere he can be fit for joy,
 Only fire, as well we know,
 Cleanseth gold from base alloy.

Onwards then, though pain and sorrow
 Close thee in on ev’ry side,
 There is yet a glorious morrow,
 That awaits the purified !

A TALE OF BRISTOL.

TO love and leave one's love afar,
Another lover near her,
And know within the heart of hearts
She loves that other dearer,

It is a woeful woeful lot,
It is a fate of sorrow,
Of wishing morn were eventide,
And ev'ry day its morrow;

And bitter tears steal down amain,
And sighs half choke the breath,
And then a man would gladly feel
The welcome hand of Death.

But evil is the wind that blows
With nought of good below,
And worthless is the heart, whose good
Affliction cannot shew.

Far other tales by Avon's bank
An old man told to me,
Far other tales of promis'd brides,
That brides refus'd to be.

A promise broken broke a heart,
Yet broke it to contain
More love than that of one dear bride,
And constant to remain.

In constancy and love he dwelt,
A brideless bridegroom aye,
Whose bride was false to plighted troth,
And said her promise nay.

He gaz'd upon her issuing forth
From the Cathedral door;
Her arm was in another's link'd,
Another's name she bore;

Her false lips wore a syren smile,
Her false hand wore the ring;
In sooth it was a woeful sight,
That tears to eyes might bring.

Quoth he, as softly pacing on
That fair deceiver smil'd,
'Henceforth each widow is my wife,
'Each orphan is my child.'

Thus was he wedded, yet unbound
In wedlock's mystic tie,
And ever all his wedded life
Was purest charity.

Yea, and her offspring came at length
To woe and deep distress,
And at his schools was freely taught
The paths of righteousness.

‘And thus, Sir,’ said the agèd man,
Who told to me the tale,
‘And thus it was that Christ look’d down
‘Upon the poor man’s wail.’

‘O wondrous is the Lord,’ I said,
‘And wondrous are his ways,
‘Who turneth present ill to good,
‘As penitence to praise.

‘The sorrow of the rich man’s soul
‘Hath help’d the poor man’s smart;
‘And blessed be God’s discipline,
‘That thaws and melts the heart.’

WHITHER? O WHITHER?

WHITHER, O whither, now all things are over?
We to our journey and he to his home;
Eyes cannot pierce through the veil that must cover
Him whom we've laid in the still silent tomb.

He hath but ended his journey before us,
We for a season are sojourning still
On the same earth with the same heaven o'er us,—
Turn we, O turn we, our tasks to fulfil!

Whither, O whither, now all things are ended?
We to our labour and he to his rest;
Let not the heart by its woe be offended,
Man seeks the pleasant, but God gives the best.

CONSOLATION.

WEEP no more, Mother, weep no more for me,
Though I am parted from thy dear caress !
Weep no more, Mother, weep no more for me,
Though thy full heart o'erflow with tenderness !

Weep not for me ! the green grass o'er me groweth,
But I upon a peaceful couch am laid ;
Weep not for me ! the rude wind o'er me bloweth,
But tempests cannot harm the sleeping maid.

Weep not for me ! though e'en thy dearest voice
Can send no tidings to my deafen'd ear—
O thou less happy, why, when I rejoice,
For the more happy flows the sorrowing tear ?

Inquire of Memory, bid her back recall
The bygone hours, when I was with you still ;
Tells she not tales of woe and suffering all,
And pain, that taught and purified the will ?

'Tis even so, then put away thy sorrow,
And weep not evermore beside the tomb,
But let the sable garb of mourning borrow
Bright hues from that bright future yet to come !

O mother, thou art still upon thy way,
That pilgrim way, that I have travell'd o'er!—
O why should grief thy onward footsteps stay
Towards the same home, where I have gone before?

Weep not for me! 'tis calm and stillness here,
And quiet is repose and slumber sweet,
But Life is full of noise and doubt and fear,
And hearts that ache, and sore and weary feet.

My journey's ended, and my task is done,
No sorrow more for me, no weariness,
Though I have chang'd the golden glorious sun
For the damp grave and death's unloveliness.

Yes! though the world is dark upon mine eye,
And all fond faces now are far away,
Yet is there One, whose perfect sympathy
Doth still amidst corruption with me stay.

That Deathless One, who put on Death awhile,
And three dark days, where I am sleeping, slept,
That Death itself might wear a gentle smile,
The comfort of the weeper for the wept.

What though I feel no more your clasp around me?
The everlasting arms embrace me now;
What though the icy chains of Death have bound me?
The token of release hath bath'd my brow.

O think not of me as for ever gone,
As hearing nothing, nothing answering,
Cold to the touch, henceforth to dwell alone,
In dark and narrow cell inhabiting.

Think of me thus, as sleeping without sorrow,
While Faith and Hope are sleeping at my side,
Till the glad world adore that glorious morrow,
When Love himself shall come to claim his Bride.

Think of me thus, as for my dear ones waiting,
Gone on before them to a better home,
No tears, no griefs, no cares upon me grating,
To jar the soft, sweet, music of the tomb.

O it is sweet, that soul-caught melody,
That still small whisper from the Infinite,
Which telleth, Hope but sleeps and cannot die,
Which singeth in the darkness songs of light!

List to it then, and weep for me no more,
Lest earthly sighs should spoil its sweet accord,
And mar the echo from that distant shore,
Where all things singing praise their God and Lord!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

THE air of heav'n is soft and sweet,
That round my temples plays,
I'll stop awhile my wand'ring feet,
On sky and stream to gaze.

But ah ! though all around is fair,
And bright and clear the day,
Clouds, viewless clouds, are in the air,
And dim the heav'nly ray.

O mists of Error, clouds of Sin,
Why dim ye thus the soul ?
I fain would pierce the veil within,
But ye around me roll.

Thou veil, that hid'st the inner might
That worketh all in all,
Why not disclose that Presence bright
To them that long and call ?

In mercy art thou closely drawn,
Lest too much light should kill ;
We must await the golden dawn,
That sleeps on Zion's hill.

The wish is good, the flesh is weak,
The spirit sick within,—
Confess, poor Heart, with sorrow meek
Thy bondage and thy sin :

That thou art all unfit to see,
What dwelleth there on high ;
That such a sight is not for thee,
To gaze upon it nigh.

Thou seest God's tokens ev'ry where,
Thou hear'st his call within,
Be patient, till his heav'nly care
Free thee from guilt and sin.

Then shalt thou gaze with eye serene,
And praise with voicing clear,
And perfect Love with cloudless mien
Shall cast out Doubt and Fear.

BUCHLOW.

O SAY, Morava, why thy stream
With turbid waves doth go ?
The sun on thee doth brightly beam,
Then why not brightly flow ?

‘ O how can I be bright and clear,
When troubled is my stream ?
When all my fate is dark and drear,
How can I other seem ?

‘ A German to my fountain came,
To cull a nosegay there,
And said in scorn, that it was shame,
My flow'rets were so fair.

‘ And by the roots he tore them up,
My hope, my joy, my pride !
And ah ! when he had torn them up,
He flung them all aside.

‘ He flung them all to float and die
Upon my winding river ;
And shall I not flow mournfully
For ever and for ever ? ’ *

* See note to p. xxiv of the Introductory Essay.

O say not that for evermore
Thy stream must mourning flow !
I hear a step upon thy shore,
That softly there doth go.

It is a Lady pacing nigh ;
Not far her castle frowns,
That with its turrets proud and high
The mountain yonder crowns.

The blood that flow'd in Vaclaw's veins,
And in Ludmilla mild,
Ludmilla's life again sustains,
Their true and worthy child.*

O mourn, Morava, mourn no more !
Thy stream must brighter flow ;
For One is pacing on thy shore,
Who feeleth all thy woe.

And hark ! O hark ! what joy resounds,
Where all was sad and drear !
The music of Slavonic sounds
From noble lips I hear !

* The Countess Ludmilla Berchtold of Buchlow and Buchlowic, is descended lineally from St Ludmilla, and from the brother of St Vaclaw.

And more true hearts will come in turn,
And firmly all unite,
And by Morava's crystal urn
Will blossom fair and bright.

O then, Morava, let thy stream
No more despairing go !
The sun on thee doth brightly beam,
And thou must brightly flow.

* * * The *Morava* is marked on ordinary English maps
as the river *March* in Moravia.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

O TWINE me a garland of flowerets blue,
A blue garland of Hope for the heart!
O twine me another of Memory's hue!
Hope and Memory never should part.

The first for myself and the next for my love,
For my Hopes on her Memories hang—
Will she mindful of me and my heart-sorrows prove,
Will she heal the heart-wearying pang?

O wonder of wonders! each garland's the same!
Hope and Memory wear the same hue;
For Hope is the colour and Mem'ry the name,
That adorn the Forget-me-not blue!

THE WINTER VIOLET.

O TELL me what the flow'ret is,
That I should in my bosom place ?
The gentle flower to make my bliss ?—
O where can I its dwelling trace ?

I sought the gardens through and through,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, nought was there,
Was nought for me, where roses grew,
Where pinks and lilies blossom'd fair.

Time passes on, I seek in vain,
And nought to cheer the heart I find,
And now the winter comes again
With gloomy sky and howling wind.

In still despair I wander on,
All, all around is nought for me,
When lo ! a quiet bank upon,
A Violet all alone I see.

I to my bosom seize and kiss
Th' unhop'd for treasure newly found ;
My soul awakes again to bliss,
And all again is spring around.

Thou gentle violet, sweet and true,
Abide for ever near my heart!
Though fleeteth form and fadeth hue,
The violet's scent doth ne'er depart.

A VALENTINE.

THREE'S a sigh in the breeze as it softly steals by,
And its burden a name that I know,
And sweet to mine ear is that wind-whisper'd sigh,
Though it bears me the name of a foe.

Fair foe, thou art victor, be courteous and kind,
And use thy poor prisoner well,
Nor deep in Despair's gloomy dungeon confin'd,
Let him pining and languishing dwell.

As captives their captors low bending entreat,
So I with meek hope entreat mine,
That she condescending my tribute will greet,
And deign to be my Valentine.

THE END.

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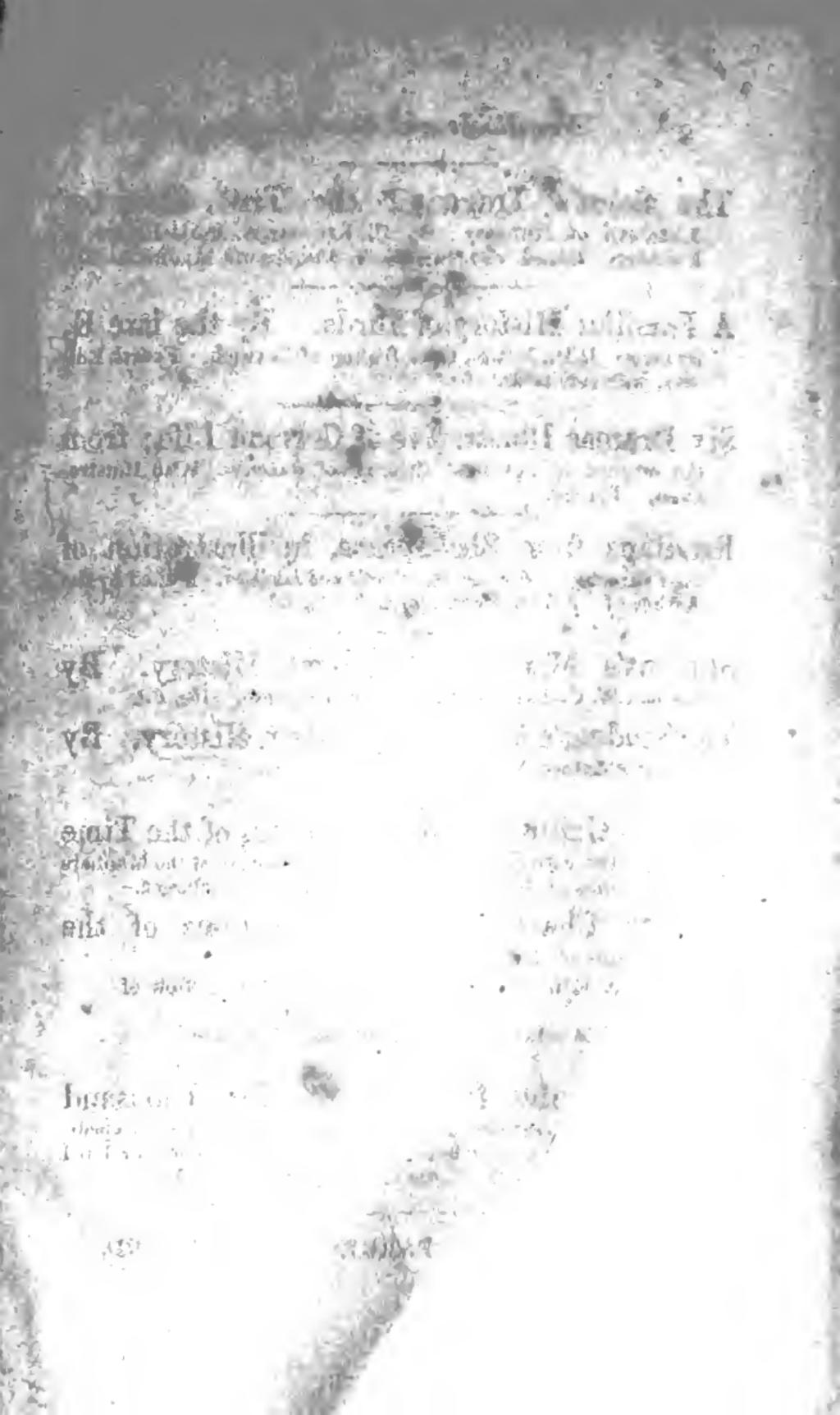
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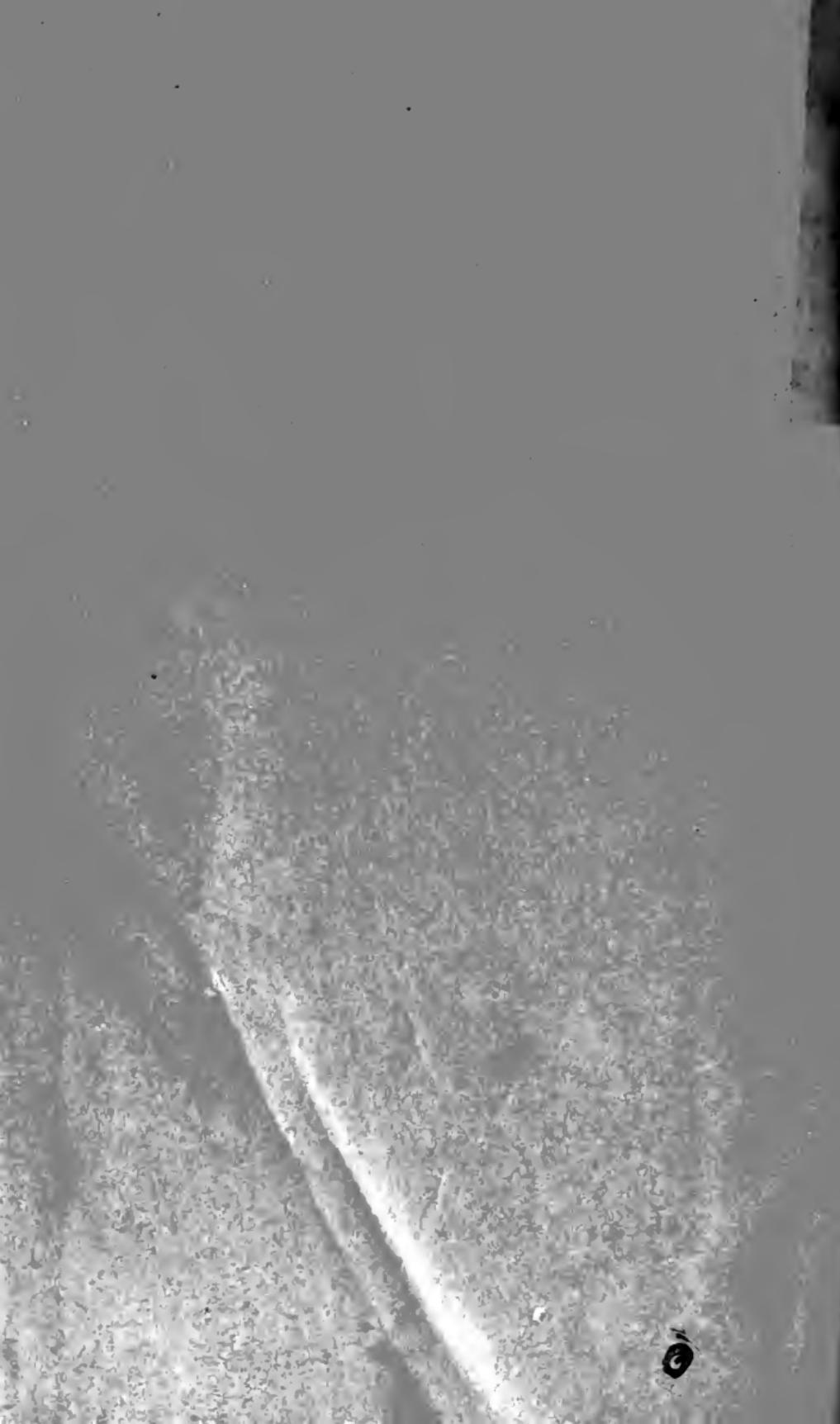
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